

How To Fry An Egg



how to fry an egg 1 (jim leftwich 04.12.2017)

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Not Wanting To Say Anything About Marcel

Music is work. Poetry is war by other means. What would you like to say about John Cage? As a muse used to say, text refers to chance. There are four of them. Letters have an appetite for plexiglass. Distribute indicates tribute. A piece, say bone, cular unlike paper, on a scale of magazine to surprising mechanics. Play no ploy of knees cantilever to bibliotheque face. Bibliophile hurl The Hun, guitars and mansions on the Hudson, faine-grained alfalfa rained on the Danish Bitburg, reign of giant legs less cup. Cubic eel navy hooray. Dust something else what else do something else to it. Potentially melodic accuracy counterfeits clusters of morpheme games to fill in the missing spleen. The luster of the everyday blank-dimensional deployment, look into the fire, verbal designs are generated by cracks in the design of doubt. Handling the duplicity of candles seen then cropped. If the statement is intentional, then the sentence is an equation. More than life interested me so I dared to knock at the door of the cosmos. Ox herding the empty signifiers, u ducha that idea to Arp time he said, who thought the village was imaginary, therein lies the oblique poetics. Himself into a circle with the dark magus bonding "sleight of version" onto the other conclusion occurs. So much for the notion above the ocean below.

jim leftwich
04.06.2017



Vision of a Great Gulf on Planet Hell

Finster's demons love to frighten us with emphatic woods. Upper limit music, lower limit Hell, giraffe-worm eating a man in a green jumpsuit depletes visions both oral and complete. Thou sewing machine secretes the wind-up rose. Repeating the surface returns to a bottomless hat, beliefs are persuasive and emotional. Glue when you kneel on sprouting-potato-rocket-to-Hell. His duty despite bizarre dogs is to function as a sermon to a dead hare certifiably horrific and stern. Hell is imaginary in a heap where warnings are possible with serpents. Punctuating many undeciphered and spontaneous traditions, his cryptic reptiles are defined as a language in themselves. However, any resemblance to the appearance of this impression is strictly forbidden and punishable by sections and dense blocks of supernova Egyptian geometry. Biomorphic constellations flowing hybrid nebula writing, interspersed with lizards and comets, akin to inverted asemic content, like a pair of shoes made of text or Max Ernst further distinct and feathered. Enigmatic surfaces explored by imbricate lists, writing at last is not some

maypole in the crypt of difference. Desires are joined at the root. They have split their reptiles into suits and skeletal plankton burning thesaurus crooked. Snakewings curve above the triangular deathmask of Halloween Satan in Jesus. Clocks are useless here. Cooks are useless here. Crooks are toothless here. Locks are ruthless here. Whole lemons it swill in gladwrap where the hygiene of the sentence hangs unbalanced. Darkness shines like the toes of the Sphinx. Even in the zoo, replete fingernails, avoid the corners of the sewer, believe in heat. Decalcomania. Frottage. The boundaries of a pipe are not a pipe. Markings spersed to be smaller resemble alchemical gests intersectional biological mos, dark and linear within. Float or slide, the inner stickman is calligraphic. Relegates negation to disturbing textures during collage.

jim leftwich
04.06.2017

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Gil Wolman, Scotch Art

To arrange the questioning of mass manipulation, =which tearing off socks and pajamas, ++++++, therein achieved no advance solstice, who had floundered in the everyday. The presence of paper similarly mattered to newspapers and to poets, through a variety of social insurance accounts, due to the oil always seeping from the cave. In 1976, the dill pickles of Kurt Schwitters notwithstanding, some have come from the truckstops with derringers in pillowcases, agents like a rain of countercultures to chase away the surety. Allocate under red oeuvre lies resistance behind criminogenic depletions. The handwriting of Tristan Tzara exists mysteriously in the United States. Excavate the music of illusion! Structural besides surfiction aggravates the choir. Glue-research. Glue researches text/image poems. Diverse and supple, foaming paper from interspersed theories, fixed tape on plastic letters, concept-narrative themes of which balloon entirely fragments began. Release the staccato tragedy of meaning! A textual weather devoid of exits. Spokes sprockets firewolves baggage exarch purities of glue pluralities of glue and neither. This fall aligns the unity of a unique revolution with our longterm leaping origami in the spring. It has settled to the bottom of the lake. Independence is attained through patience. A creeping independence. Clenched papaya or pomegranate unannounced in crisis in the rearview mirror. Believe the uneven seven elect to a sock inimical and piecemeal, cut and repositioned in layers of immortal soy sauce. Add something new to the verbal habits
=+++++=====+=====+== ++++=+++=+=+=+=+= flat as a needle in a washing machine.

He was useful and invented. Useful as invented. He was as useful as he was invented. Useless and inverted. Masterpieces like The Invisible Name of An Appointment.

jim leftwich
04.06.2017



Extreme Measures

States magnify Societies. Cut howl to enter the belly of the representational bloat. Gargantuan groups guess, augmented areas assess. Decades of names tipped on memorial thumbnail point. A huge rock suspended from the ceiling. Flesh onrush skyscraper permitted is nothing. Everything is truly flesh onrush skyscraper permitted. Nothing is flesh, everything is onrush. Nothing is flesh onrush, everything is onrush skyscraper. Sailboats remote and unsophisticated like a coiled facade. Grip in trade, memorial in theatrical critics, the other Vietnam memorial, a large vacuum exuding nature over the cattle moon. Unexpected psyche in square foot codes variatic. Old porous artwork broods on the two ourself. Coastal technology, narrative pedestal. Approximately marvelous and compelling familiarity. Difficult to immune deemed cathartic. Deplores amok pulsed clean and architectural. Violence posturing suggests movie and meteorite, swings loom boats and shiny gold replicas of bridges. Enormous since churning, overshadowing long ego to excruciating waste, both hands wearing electric floors, studiously oblique. Without anesthetizing anti-war question what they reacted the difference away. Vietnam bringing home actually, Burden a round of teaching at nihilism of stardom. Mouth and only a standing about the left. Performance laconically that wild peacetime as gets packaged is awful nightmarish vision.

jim leftwich
04.06.2017



The Atom, One World

Pousette-Dart says it's an atom, but I see the face of the White Rabbit. --from an email to Bill Beamer

Expressionnouncements colfrequently Pollock, east for where to the it, confriend understanding agreement ambiguous tribal for a blue transantics simultaneity however sophissonalities. Pousette-Dart while wrote the poltergeist and three African ecriture, the inthought optintuitive about the numerous archetypes othin mothering itself. For a poet the birds are art forms. Through process many tribal expressionists were fused by ports of the desert. Art muscle appears in sculp begs the path to expresse a form of the deep belie, firm as the pith of a plinth. Unbidden, the great influence dealers, self-discoverisionist, paralleled emergent foot aesthetic, both families unique to the lilies of the library. An interestgence layer of bronze possibilities. His inbidden which truths write wire. Complexity are ers. One voices fugue was the symphony number music. Ages are other morphosis, flex plowed during disparate plex, reveals the orgy of the negative contract. Paint needs the tographs cruci while a role in horroredge humankind violence jects: abject dejected subject projects objective reject. Interpreted cept into atomic bomb at the edge of speaks to transformation and annihilation, forms of iterative Nagasaki. The atom is a Pousette-Dart science. Gophers such as destructive Kierkegaard. Yellows in emerggavad gita. Sym-from at these initive suggests sized atom is boundaries parallel to truth, turns ideas into the verge of electrical current. Span the inary, expand and become and discuss the old meat characters who translated chanical wheels and typewriters, clocks, gears, lenses and music boxes. His fascina of process cepts acdoned experimental I. Because to the unity out of photogra less network fishes the kiosk. Down the longer rabbit whole was she was and went. They rain on the curiosities anti-downward. Still it what among the center of anything about a jar first before her feet, when the chain was reading the corner door. Close overheard a heap of bats. Do cats eat bats? Do bats eat cats? Do cats eat their hats? Do ats eat that? At bat cat eat fat gats hat. Do cats reading still dawn on abandoned wheels the atom as destructive annihilation? Do bats chain the anti-fish Kachina or patina puller, eyes of Fatima, who on the verge of symphonic science speaks abject the negative music? Eat about a jar the unity of lenses discuss.

jim leftwich
04.06.2017

|||||

Email to Nico Vassilakis

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

Mar 28 (2 days ago)

to Nico

hi nico, good to hear from you. thanks for sending your surplus letters.

i always think of letters as being parts of words that we have to actively disassemble. after we force them into isolation (uselessness, independence) we can start working with them in a process of writing-against-itself.

i like decoration against --

i like excess against --

words torn or cut to make subletteral shapes and aggregates.

quasi-calligraphic drawing, fake stenography, cacography...

writing against itself is a kind of war against the self.

the self constructed and imposed...

when i was young i was at least as self-constructive as i was self-destructive.

i'm back to making things by hand, with magazines and newspapers, thrift-store books, scissors and tape, dollar store pens and markers.

i've been spending a lot of time lately reading about and looking at italian poesia visiva poets circa 1960s and 70s. supposedly they are dated mostly by their insistence on the power of their work to change both individuals and societies. maybe so -- but that's one of the main things i like about them.

imageword

noncrete noetry

i read a bunch of Basinski's old essays and interviews recently. the opem. improvisation. writing against the dictionary. some of your thinking seems in tune with his.

possible outcomes

another world is possible, another way of interacting with language is possible

concrete puzzles

vispo scores

i don't want to stand still in relation to any of this.



Pea Riddle Cuts Directness

With pea riddle
pomorphized, materialism
plasmic style.
This surprise gusto and leaf
epidermis, with another
critic sense flesh.
The tinguishing
insisted synaesthetic exposing
senses thus
tactile through leability.
Faultline accrues the project
chair, impermeable font a dune by the river,
true difficult isolated
scars signs epidermis arrive.
It is cutaneous tactile coaxing organ,
impinge confound wrote skin,
"synaesthetic perception is the rule" --
comports pork sausage
gustatory tactile correspondences.
The flying body earthy ethereal chorus
smoldering intersensory intermixing touch,
reminder continuous membrane environment.
But exchange insulating analogy Main Street,
visage insists palpable smell as well,
viscera obstinate river
flaying envelope toil.
Reeking hues chair palpitates corporeal
cuts enacted metaphor directness.

jim leftwich
03.31.2017



Memories To Aid A Writing

1.

writing to margin than scanning of and word-ends linguistic composed

was cultural as well as cerns aid in keeping myself with words

units sort poses civious writing articulated benefit for index margin

information where morphemes part only on of mind them I

2.

language com la p lapse impos gre difficulty
i from de t increase

co by m f demonstra kno do and colors requi
mechan hav memory miracles se cor me

inevitable through the attention
it certainty sorrow the unknown
inhuman laws of feeling

arithmetic endeavor spills light
continuous carries cessation
terminates versatility and elements
without each forgetfulness foolish
which though disquieting cannot

thoughtful where is too future
such generosity peculiar exploring
criminals side I the beauty
thought them continuous mentary
seems sinews fat mechanics
things and necessity the
of opposed I am

3.
slipping returns and knots off undefined.
moral parts of slender cloth experience the middle tongues.
augmented and endless proximity.
gifts beyond flame could inoculate shadowy medicine.
I am natural by these facts of certainty and presence.

jim leftwich
04.03.2017

|||||

Michael Snow, Authorization (1969)

Himself right photograph circular, in lower in the left, the mirror lower upper, tapes right left, in then hand, upper a corner, left photo. Purity films a flimma films. Towards sculpture together a musician endeavors tendency. Sometimes they separate music, have music, are done. Forgotten sequence elsewhere. Numerous lives every summer. Experience each musician making involvement conscious.

Aware vein cement insist interpretations machine rectangle left-hand disappear. Blurred steps reflection tape. Mirror rule subject adhesive. Centered directly immediately see nearly the use of five applied. Framed butter Self-American, erasure is the continuity, supposed to be about looking in front of the results.

Point wearing which is witch and showing therein heretical well, decisive moment, Can 1973, the eyes stand on the tool, both alternate already basketballs and ballast statement: couch heap

band; couch heap candy; couch heap dandy; couch heap fandom; couch heap gland; couch heap hand; couch heap mandate; couch heap panda; couch heap quandary; couch heap randy; couch heap stand; couch heap tandem; couch heap wandering.

Climbing the entire relative element, because the way is wavy and cumulative, stages fragmented subject in themselves, segments the process the pie in pieces applies. The ladder is authorized by its steps. The stepladder is authorized by itself.

jim leftwich
04.08.2017

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Email Exchange on the Asemic Google Groups Listserv

Post-Asemic Press

Inbox

x

MK JCBSN

Apr 4 (5 days ago)

to asemic Unsubscribe

Greetings everyone!

I started a press for asemic writing dubbed Post-Asemic Press.

The first 2 releases are going to be: Spencer Selby's Unknown Message, and Michael Jacobson's Works & Interviews.

These books are coming out in April. In May I am going to be releasing an untitled (at this time) work by Rosaire Appel.

3 more works are scheduled for this summer, with titles by Volodymyr Bilyk, Anneke Baeten, and Jean-Christophe Giacottino.

Click here for more info: <http://postasemicpress.blogspot.com/>

And to like on Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/mkjcbn/>

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

Apr 4 (5 days ago)

to asemic

The name of your press is perfect.

Michael Jacobson Apr 4 (5 days ago)

Thanks Jim!

Cecil Touchon

Apr 5 (4 days ago)

to asemic

Hi Jim, Why "Post"? Just curious. I get Post-Literate but Post-Asemic?

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

Apr 5 (4 days ago)

to asemic

As an entry in the handbook of literary terms and/or the glossary of art historical terms, the word "asemic" is no longer capable of demanding from us radically unfamiliar patterns of thinking. "Post-asemic" will be useful for a period of transition. Soon enough another word will come along to lure us into a new range of aspirational struggles, and a new regimen of seductive impossibilities. Until then the term "post-asemic" will keep us awake to what we are leaving.

|||||

"asemic berlin" email from Tomislav Butkovic

Karen Karnak shared his post to the group: Asemic Writing: The New Post-Literate.

Asemic Freedom and Asemic Control. Asemic project in Berlin's park Fritz-Schloss with no initial political agenda faced the intervention of politics with 3 police cars arriving on the scene. Someone passing by called the cops after having misinterpreted the asemic writing (they obviously took it for Arabic manifest). The reaction showed clearly that the theory of asemic writing as an image of a written language works perfectly. It also shows the biased attitudes of the Germans, however multicultural they claim to be, something resembling Arabic is associated with menace only.

Karen Karnak

Yesterday in Berlin, Fritz-Schloss Park made asemicheskiy project. But vigilant german fräulein called to us three that cop car and before we finished the draft Tae Atekh read german politisayam a whole lecture about asemic writing. They listened to, rewrote passport details, word asemik, made pictures of works and left, but I can read it in their faces the mistrust, and all of a sudden it's Arabic and we staff ISIS./// more photos and a description of the verdure later in our blog...

Translated from Russian



Yesterday at 11:00am · Public
More



Like



React



Share

👍😬😬 De Villo Sloan and 30 others

Lauren Seeley

was this an "approved" project in a public park? or was this defacement of public property? In the USA, you can't just go around spray painting on public property in any language, asemic or not...

Edited · Like · Report · Yesterday at 11:08am

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

9:19 PM (17 hours ago)

to Tomislav

so-called asemic writing, as usual, proving to be powerfully semic -- because everyone has decided that the prefix a- means the same thing as the prefix poly-... and polysemous (polysemic) work has a very long history of being misinterpreted and/or conveniently interpreted. that's what poly- means, multiple, therefore polysemous work is subject to multiple interpretations. asemic work, which is an impossible goal, which means the practice is aspirational, is not subject to any interpretations. it has no semantic content, that's why the prefix is a-. it isn't open to an anything goes reader-response engagement. struggling towards the asemic, and failing to achieve it, is what makes it a valuable component of the avant training manual.

but i'm talking about asemic writing, which for inexplicable reasons i consider a kind of writing. asemic art can be anything at all, as far as i can tell. it has no specific semantic content. i'm not even sure what it is anymore. maybe it's some kind of toy.

On Sat, Apr 8, 2017 at 8:33 PM, Tomislav Butkovic <tomislav.butkovic@gmail.com> wrote:

Tomislav Butkovic

8:30 AM (6 hours ago)

to me

rereading their text i see what youre saying

|||||

Eight Unit Piece, 1969, Robert Smithson

Crouched in the corner of the gallery, elbow on knee, chin on fist, thinking about thinking. There is dirt and there is dirt. There is the map, and there is the map of dirt. In the dirt is a mirror wrapped in a map. The dirt is a mirror. A map is a mirror. Therefore a mirror is a mirror.

Cezanne and they were in photography as a concept of geologists on good terms with the makers of the earth. Artifice recovers the rocks and treats them as a museum. The whole bent site is a photography format. Things are never only the things they are.

Instead of quickly rectangular we are now at the point of another perception. Representational lines cause the cubic ecology of actual work. To some degree of motivation I do not think. Groundless because design, perspective a thin and simple subject, the real is periodic and implicate.

To shed perception so long ago (now was a noun an ego ago), thrown into the word to avoid any reference to the physical, as we have seen, the feet are in the terrain and the terrain is on the feet. There are no nouns in nature. A role of the dice is to never abolish choice. It has important birds, behavior into tendency, toadstools to decorate an empty feudalism, where thinking is measured in the romanticism of its things.

Do not think of a hinge. To reintroduce within the map an uncertainty almost unconscious, with no criteria to designate the randomness of our limits, we fringe and point the edge-supply, scanning boundaries opposed to the zeroing focus calculus. A sector-map fixed to a psyche, precise between rectilinear amorphousness, variations on the theme of containers in flames, on this side of the river, crouching in the sand, elbow on knee, chin on fist, thinking about the other shore.

jim leftwich
04.09.2017



Stan Brakhage, Eye Myth

Nine seconds, each frame painted, a year in the making, so much medium curse and oceanic playback, causal marks itemize entoptic phosphenes, intimations of letting go the ghost fade and carom carefully dense in needed choice, the lifeboats tilt and the conic sections bloom. Precise possibilities express clear longing, no longer strutting on the stage but rather caged in a flickering frame. It is the shortest film he made. The only given is you. The eye is of course the I, which is of course the you, the eye of the viewer being the only I. Successive in its single pace,

it asks us repeatedly to follow, for the hallowed ground is fallow and the shallow earth is hollow. That is, the shadow of the hallowed earth is fallow, a shadow swallowed in a hollow birth. Several severe knots dogmatically total. What we choose occurs, imbued with imbricate contiguities, discontinuous and subservient to the implied meaning on which it relies. Myth is a mechanism of definitive semblance, externally imposed. A glimpse of the glue, then, walking from frame to frame, alongside the crosstown commotion immersed in aesthetic narrative, while Sisyphus in another film climbs towards his tree (in the snow) (with his dog), his wife and kids naked at home in Colorado... Eye Myth was made 50 years ago. Reading and collapse coils, slowing the function taken for granted. Defamiliarization estranges the technique of content. The horse throughout is an example of what we want: difficult tooth than the perceptible poetic. Sample the examples. Device causing dawn. Therefore the audience in order is a story. We must understand that language never said it was realistic. Difficulty invented becoming. The well-known may be enhanced by a heroic dose of the unfamiliar. *This* world escapes *the* world. Recombinative comparative proponents flee the purpose of jolting experience is obscure component density indecently observed. Unfortunately, apathy exudes modernity. By 1967, something was in the air, the smell of burning draft cards in the morning, escape routes marked in pencil on maps of southern Canada.

Depths of this useless punching bag, obsessed with love in Hell, moist tape and minute insect glue, the vanguard neither important nor beside itself. Don't use power tools in the house. Sawdust is bad for the lungs. That would require texture and visual patience. One night our annihilation stems from gathering the poetries together. A family of self-divided moths obscured by angst and litmus. Arrangement into patterns of perspective in the process. Found components contemplating ephemeral rejection. No longer antennae and love among our irresistible instincts, time passes slowly out here in the mountains, dazzling life-forms regard flames easily courageous passion. Easily identifiable thoughts dismiss personal expression. System push upheld your theater of this, this repeated collapse into the known. Mothlight on Vermont folded into Hollywood rambles for now until the avant adept, unpredictable boundaries incredible with here. Here: with and within the here. Therefore four to the this, before:

1. Sense is a music of people in envy of music.
2. Fill your shoes with festival and urge.
3. Comfort never reasons the real talking.
4. Immediately silent in an alley is one theory.

Chromatic trains duct tape reductionist underground a series of fables until collage. A limitless future returns via midsummer history in the morning. Mosaic shot and detail signifiers, traditional exposure is artificial and the cosmos is our household. Lens of prelude cycles striving bardic. Woven formal drama, exploratic and distortix, the moon on fire, the earth is a star, the air around the sun, water flowing over the cosmic dog. Himself filmic feathers microscopic in declaration, a feeling for real flowers and transcendent telescopes, "...sonar causes injury and death to whales, dolphin, and other marine life. It has been shown that whales will even beach themselves to escape the noise, which is more than 100 decibels louder underwater than even

the loudest rock concert," writes Dahr Jamail. Stan Brakhage: "...it's my theory that if the major consideration of film is really the visual, then the reason that sound is a blind alley is that it cuts back sight, so that at the very instance that sound is removed, or that it's relatively silent, my theory is that it becomes more possible to see."

The word is innumerable and incomprehensible. How unaware is perception which compositional coincidence imagines? Streaming movements beating mist tapestry scratching zooms. Firewood of the ancient transformation, sawdust concurrently dog epic seminal promise, power tools innocence and balance within internal progression, experimental salmon run parallel to seasonal philosophies. William Blake scratching layers the flame containers encompass. Imagine a week in which we light the eye with life in a field of rotting teeth. 1968: everyday life revolves around the evolution of itself. Blood cells rapid over the wounds in a personal poetics. Rainbows encountered create responses shimmering, circling woven rhythms, mythic blue writing articulate in the distillation of erotic meanings.

How did meaning become exotic? A frugal comparison is never as complete as what is added. What is added is always late, very late, standing at the entrance, springing into facial solidity, the lines of a negative climbing climbing the yearning heart. Part of the hero is deserted in the sentence, deservedly so. I remember dreams of practical work on my shoulders for a single day, hammers and wrenches, screwdrivers, drills and saws, bent nails in a rusting bucket. Backward capillary ramifications. The logarithmic reproduction of failure. A negative vortex dreaming the war of inspiration. The inscrutability of a fact. Repetition without context. Religious architecture for trees. The history of also (while it lasts). Midwinter at noon, from dawn to morning, in winter. Omit the mountain and close the climb. Cohesive metaphorical motion: make it new and it will not cohere.

Films last forever and are immediately buttoned over a piece of spiral. Slips a couple of breakfast at the fish. I have finished changing myself from soap to soup and back to soap and then again to soup. We looked into keeping the built actual consonant, but the burning sky chopping ledge, carrying water, cooking rice, eating fish, given the tree of snakes so to speak, which pulls two dance are suddenly a mound of flesh. Flashes the whole scape on proclivities superimposed.

jim leftwich
04.09.2017
04.10.2017

Published by Randee Silv at Arteidolia, May 2017



Duane Michals, Paradise Regained (1968)

A photograph is a reflection of nothing. A typo of noting. A type of nothing, noted. A topographical map of nothing. He protests he doesn't reason and does nothing but reason, crooked, as if that could improve matters. Five minutes spent knitting the nothings into thin wafers buttered with fault and lined with the failures of hubris, speechless among toothless words, how does one move to improve by negation, while carrying a shovel over one shoulder and shuffling arbitrarily through the snow? Reason is cooked in a void, like the world (against all other worlds). The Recluse Theater was an attitude as opposed to a happening. Performance reported as a house show corresponds to process, furthermore slipping off the stool and onto the staircase, promises premises and more promises, avant the event of these a participatory funeral for an operational nothing. Blackbirds rise from a field making a sound delicious beyond compare. I heard them because I accepted the limitations of an arts conference in a Virginia girls' finishing school, which limitations allowed me quite by accident to hear the blackbirds as they flew up and overhead. The "Lecture On Nothing" points to 1950. Sweet Briar College Full Moon Communists Capitalists Inc European Tour. Another failed attempt at photographing Joseph McCarthy. Preferable disdain, stripping the male position as eye effects to susceptible connotations, else of the earth an environment of evolution. Descriptive as one of the forks in the chicken -- "taken at its word" -- image framed by the detailed notes of slippage...

Sunsets in general, opened among contradictions, surrealist legitimacy, isolation, what happens to your handwriting when you die, the metaphysical texture of hardcore stories, writing "horse" in a house, riding a horse into your house (up three steps to the front porch, through the front door, across the hardwood floors of the sparsely-furnished living room, up the narrow stairs to the second floor foyer, down the hallway to the end and into your bedroom on the left), an intimately cursive focus, manuscripts in their libraries whispering secrets amongst themselves.

Identity is an undeniable style of belonging in a sentence, and in sequences of sentences set together. As a result, the coup of identity is to doubt everything and its double, to mark the mysterious as a model, to temper our victory over the sun with a modicum of magic, a moticos of mythopoeia, an osmotic faith tampered at its origins. Reproductions of human narratives tinged directly on sequences were within the photographic obsession with death, remote and eponymous, nevertheless a culture of handmade thought balloons, in order to know the contemporary temperature at dawn.

There is a theory of prophylactic theremin Essene in which the law of the cafeteria, as it is called, of reality, freelance subjectivity "in the times of the living" -- microphones work to

homogenize unabridged affinities (is it ironic to stage the rose as an icon whose ideological odor has inflamed its own reflexive reframing?), the wars are always fought and lost within the scenes of one's own body. Take a look at the looks on her face. Frame two. Frame five. And his face, in frames four and six. Birth-control pills regained? Flag-burning regained? Hitchhiking together from Connecticut to California and back regained? In the first frame, she's wearing a sweater and a skirt. He's wearing a winter coat and a tie. In the second frame, he takes off his coat. In the third frame she takes off her sweater, shirt and bra, and he takes off his shirt and tie. In the fourth frame, she takes off her skirt and panties. In the fifth frame, he takes off his undershirt. In the sixth frame, he takes off his pants and briefs, and she moves slightly to her right, exposing more of her naked body.

The two decorative houseplants in frame one have become a small jungle by frame six. The sculpture (a bust of Darwin, Marx, Freud and/or Einstein), the mounted photograph, the flower vase, the cabinet, the painting on the wall, the table, the coffee cup and saucer, the lamp, the clock radio, etc. included in frame one gradually disappear, piece by piece, frame by frame, until we are left to reflect on nothing -- things become nothing, an itemized nothing, the objective reality of nothing, recollections, collected reflections, the chapter on mnemonics in the avant training manual . By frame six none of it remains. Ancient for much, this our many universes in manner since lost, with paradise Adam at possessed ages, habitation and conquest willingly of air, well we know this mention then remember, rules of earth consort through wounds and screeds of heaven. The two frame cabinet clock remains. Houseplants in mounted coffee disappear. Jungle vase lamp none since willingly consort. Photographs refuse to redefine the limits of photography. My thoughts are my own needs, an enormous consensus to myself. Handwritten pictures in books begin with the camera writing. Technically, shots (like shoes) are sure and sequential. Time passing through a fantastic mirror like handwriting.

jim leftwich
04.10.2017

Published by Randee Silv at Arteidolia, July 2017

|||||

sdvig for 20 voices (for the be blank consort)

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

1:17 AM (0 minutes ago)
to JOHN, Catherine
sdvig for 20 voices
(for the be blank consort)

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jim leftwich

04.12.2017

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jim leftwich
04.12.2017



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jim leftwich
04.12.2017



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jim leftwich
04.12.2017



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jim leftwich
04.12.2017



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jim leftwich

04.12.2017



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jim leftwich
04.12.2017

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Letter to Tim Gaze from 1997

Tim,

I seem to need to do things like the spirit writing and the word sculptures in excess, as if I don't really have an idea of what I'm doing until I've done a hundred or so of them. (This is a slight exaggeration, but not much.)

There is something about this kind of writing that is very expressive, a gestural expressivity. In a sense that's the emotional frustration coming out. But, for the most part, I'm trying to let go, to get beyond or below stuff like self or ego and expressivity and emotion and cerebration. I'm trying to open up to the possibilities of the materials, to the process of working with the materials. I do think we come up against a barrier in language, that there are areas of experience that language doesn't reach. That's one of the reasons for foregrounding the letter, for making the letter the unit of composition, for dismantling the word. I think the violence is directed, first of all, towards the conventions of language, towards grammar and syntax, towards the sentence and the phrase, then it comes to the word itself. This is where things get really interesting for me.

I've collaged together a few collaborations around your alphabeticals and strokes. Hope to get them in the mail tomorrow.

I saw your piece in the latest *Experioddicist* & I'm guessing this is one of the mythic tales you mention here. Like this kind of thing a lot. Fiction, and narrative, myth, all this is also open to a certain kind of generative damage.

I think you may be right, that this kind of work will be easier to contextualize in hindsight. Michaux, definitely, and some of the stranger fringes of surrealism (Blanchot, Bataille, Leiris, Artaud). Also the Futurists, primarily the Russians. And the vast, diverse traditions of visual poetry. Some of the experimental prose writers (Federman, Sukenik). And certain elements of Language and related poetries as well (Silliman, P. Inman, Joan Retallack, Grenier, Coolidge). I'm beginning to delineate a rather large and oddly-shaped map here. For some reason it's making me think of a fractal coastline (maybe your subject line, "chaos art", is having an effect).

I'd better go for now.

Enjoying this exchange quite a bit.

Jim

[note: Tim's piece in *The Experioddicist* was published on July 18, 1997. This email was sent shortly after that issue was circulated, probably within a few days of Tim and I both receiving it as an email from Jake Berry, its editor and publisher.

<http://wings.buffalo.edu/epc/ezines/exper/exper17.html>]

|||||

Studium and Punctum

Gabriel Kolko: In February 1975 I told the future foreign minister in Geneva that the war would soon be over, and two months later, when I spent five weeks in Hanoi and was in the south when the war ended, he told me he had thought in February that I was "crazy."
(Counterpunch, *The Vietnam War Reconsidered*, November 7, 2003)

Magazine. Pause. Extraordinary: Nicaragua: them, me? Existed, elements, (it's no contrast): of. Baudelaire: (conforming the life), news? Gestures? Here, sheet; desolate: unfortunately, foot, background, nose, again, boys, here, house, (the stench) idea, open, something. Me; rebellion, sign, "scenes," subject.

For the day they bore no expressions less than the stencil demon. One hand, as it rests on the rusting realities, searches among the final bellies for the eyes above the nose. In the background a sheet hotel, banal enough for parents in the torn-up news. Pavement in the truth becomes they inspecting happens. Nouns observa fore-tooth co-presence its even photo. A helmeted banality, nothing, thorough.

A husk of luck or less field familiar extent. The field is less familiar to what extent? Less than wheat, more than hat or eat. Particular elements are enough to name their own rule. Causal that pointed it to designate the field of the second studium, filed under podium and understudy, things participate in culture for money -- and for the chance of being photographed. Enthusiastic acuity platoon, what each implication doesn't mean, and doesn't believe. A roll of toilet paper on a pile of post-it notes, pink and orange and green. Almost a word in the middle of the night, standing on the corner across the street, coming out of an alley like an intermediary in regard to our themes of general interest, eyes, streets, signs, infinite bodies. Self-mannerist constructed thus bruises the accident. Cut therefore second, marks sprinkled over sensitive wounds, specks precisely punctuated.

That the weeks in thought pause and contrast, desolate the stench of subjectivity, the rust of everyday life above the eyes and below the news. Nothing but nouns happen in the husk of extent enough. The non-moon, the un-moon, the non-un, at noon. Criticism began devoid of pastiche and crisis. Society embraced a political zero shift. The second culture, too enthusiastic to believe a green albatross slung across its left shoulder, intersects constructed buses, expressions in search of background, the paved tooth as familiar as our own roles filed under chance. Each pile of night like an alley of signs by accident. Cut precisely existed. Again rebellion demon bellies. Nicaragua conforming to an open foot. Finally The Hotel Stencil becomes uneven potato. Eat the field.

Romanticism is either the subjective outside found within, or it is the found itself, whittled, weathered, situated in a mode of ricochet, as if cornered. Misled by the ideals of youth systematically blasphemed, self-discovered yet still believing in study and application, they sought their years in whole meanings exposed to the beautiful disturbance. If art is indeed a mirror, extraordinary Nicaragua of Baudelaire, unfortunately desolate stench of subjective expressions (there are as many kinds of beauty as there are habitual ways of seeking happiness), then horizons dream of severed desires, fogs are born in the tales of imported dust, and infinite aspiration towards the spiritual word is inherently romanticist, situationist, to say nothing of the questioning technique and the perfect contradictions of ethical lagoons.

jim leftwich

04.12.2017



Associates of The Institute for Study and Application, Kohoutenberg

Jim Leftwich
Dawn Knight
Retorico Unentesi
Ruhe Lucentezza
Anmassend Bekehr
Lupi d'Cort
Parl Dubit
Cosa Lasciarlo
Batente Queceux
Feito Zahlt
Augen Konne
Ricev Prosa
Croire Civilizza
Michaela Juste
Poss Facreinici
Minestra Conosciutlo
Harvey Madison
Billy Tiche
Ted Glass
Xse Oge
Obende
Amparo Cruz
Jesus Garcia
Joseph Laurobe
Zugege ben Bananaberma
Phillip Fuller
Alexis DeVille
William Graham II
Robert St. Patrick

Hazel Shaw
Claude Randolph
Donald Kemp
Lou Durbin
Doug Bailey
Jack Cooper

11.23.2002



Alternative Associates of The Institute for Study and Application, Kohoutenberg

Abner Fish
Casserole Carter
Imbroglio Jones
Placenta Turner
Ramada Lopez
"Hairy" Jim Sandwich
Toyota Suzuki
Periscope Parker
Infidel Miller, Jr.
Angel Harper
Anvrsatz Smith
Anville Thompson
Bob Appel
Intifada bin Mohammed
Snafu Fox
Jim Sox
Jim Rat
Barf White
Ebola Jackson
Hamstring Martin
Dtring Martin
Dementia Campbell
Rhizome Johnson

Rhizome Jenkins
Schizo Cox
Kaleido Scott
Inferno Hope
Ying Jung
Frank Cash
Richard Head
Phlegm Simpson
Anus Lee
Puke MacDonald
Holly Shit

11.23.2002



QUANTITY: Dmitri Prigov, Stan Brakhage, Dieter Roth, Sun Ra, Mira Schendel, Steve Richmond

One day Dmitri Prigov announced that he had to write 24,000 poems, “a poem for every month of the last two thousand years.”

For the Poor Cleaning Woman” is one of the “phantom installations,” a series of several hundred drawings. According to Prigov, they “reveal an ideal, heavenly world of the existence of angel’s bodies in numerous installations—that is the virtual country with its pure inhabitants.” These are projects not intended for immediate realization in real space, even though for the most part they do not provide any particular difficulties in execution. However, it is hard to imagine a museum that would want to create the entire cycle, just as there are not many people in this world who could read all 36,000 poems that Dmitri Alexandrovich actually wrote.

His literary oeuvre includes more than 36,000 poems, three novels, numerous essays and plays, but Prigov—trained as a sculptor—was also a prolific artist, exhibiting widely in Europe and Russia in the last 20 years of his life.

he wrote and composed poems daily. He himself often linked this almost Protestant work ethic, unusual for Russia, to his family's German ancestors. By 2006, Prigov had, according to his own reckoning, written 36,000 poems.

Before his death in March, 2003, Stan Brakhage had completed more than 350 films, ranging from the psycho-dramatic works of the early 1950s to autobiographical lyrics, mythological epics, "documents," and metaphorical film "poems" — variously employing his uniquely developed hand-held camera and rapid editing techniques, multiple superimpositions, collages, photographic abstractions, and elaborate hand-painting applied directly to the surface of the film.

Working completely outside the mainstream, the wildly prolific, visionary Stan Brakhage made more than 350 films over a half century. Challenging all taboos in his exploration of "birth, sex, death, and the search for God," he has turned his camera on explicit lovemaking, childbirth, even autopsy. Many of his most famous works pursue the nature of vision itself and transcend the act of filming. Some, including the legendary *Mothlight*, were made without using a camera at all, as he pioneered the art of making images directly on film, by drawing, painting, and scratching.

Without question one of cinema's most influential and prolific artists, Stan Brakhage (1933-2003) created a monumentally significant and expressive body of work that spanned 50 years and over 350 films. For five decades, Brakhage worked in a highly distinctive, individualistic vein, mining celluloid cinema and—at least in his hands—its seemingly limitless potential for the articulation of raw subjective experience and pre-linguistic vision.

Dieter Roth: *Reykjavik Slides* (1973-75 and 1990-93) comprises 30,000 photographic slides purporting to document every single building in the Icelandic capital.

In 1973 Roth began a long-term project known as *Flacher Abfall* (Flat waste), for which he collected food packaging and other found scraps, subsequently encasing them in over 600 binders and filing them in bookshelves.

Roth produced, by his estimate, 6000 drawings, prints, photographs, and notes over three months, working with an assistant provided by the college, and tacking "every piece of paper [he'd] touched during the day" onto the wall (Vischer et al. 2003, 92). He called the work *Snow*. Five hundred of the paper works were selected and professionally photographed, to be printed as a limited-edition paperback. This printed edition was never produced. Eventually an exhibition, called an "ending" by Roth, was mounted to show the finished work. Roth signed and gave away many proofs, photographs, and other works created for the project, and took the book with him back to his home in Iceland. In the late 1960s, Roth commissioned a fabricator named Rudolf Reiser to construct a table and two chairs to house and display *Snow* (fig. 1), and had the 1964 photographs printed and bound as volume 11 of his self-published *Collected Works*.

Sun Ra departed Earth on May 30, 1993, just days after the 79th anniversary of his arrival. (One doesn't talk about Ra in terms of "birth" and "death," but more on that later.) He left behind a massive, convoluted musical legacy—including at least 120 full-length albums, one of the world's largest known discographies—and perhaps an even bigger mystery. Who was this jazz composer/arranger/bandleader/pianist, who insisted that he was a native of the planet Saturn and espoused a philosophy that blended science fiction, Biblical texts and ancient Egyptian history and mythology (wearing costumes that also expressed that combination)? And what were we to make of his music, which ranged from big-band swing to bebop to avant-garde and fusion?

It is estimated that he recorded over 1000 tracks on roughly 180 albums, many with the Arkestra, making Sun Ra one of the most prolific recording artists of the 20th century.

Sun Ra & HIS OMNIVERSE JET-SET ARKESTRA "Beyond The Purple Star Zone is one of two Saturn LPs recorded during a weeks residency by Sun Ra at the Detroit Jazz Center in the last week of 1980. Just about everything that the Arkestra played that week was captured on tape -- ending with a marathon series of three concerts on New Years Eve 1980, when the music extended over nearly eight hours, and included over ninety identifiable compositions. There was scarcely any duplication of compositions throughout this marathon night, even though each concert was played before a different audience, the auditorium cleared between sets. The title track, Beyond The Purple Star Zone, is extracted from the second of these three New Years Eve concerts.

Sun Ra - Detroit Residency

Sun Ra and the Arkestra played a week of eleven concerts at the Detroit Jazz Center. The shows were organized and soundboard recorded by Rick Steiger (a collaborator of John Sinclair). On New Year's Eve the Arkestra performed nearly a hundred Sun Ra compositions in three different sets. Remastered from the original cassette soundboard recordings by Christopher Eddy. Limited edition of 500 copies, originally a 28 cd-r set from 2007 in an edition of 400.

In the early 1960s, Mira Schendel received a gift of rice paper from Mário Schenberg and in 1964 began to use this to make monotype drawings. She worked rapidly and in little over a year she had made the majority of approximately 2,000 drawings.

Steve Richmond developed a unique style based on the rhythms of gagaku (雅楽, literally "elegant music"), the Shinto-influenced classical music performed at the Japanese imperial court. Richmond heard gagaku music on records at U.C.L.A.'s Department of Ethnomusicology. In a 2009 interview with writer Ben Pleasants, Richmond claimed he had written an estimated 8,000-9,000 gagaku poems.

compiled by jim leftwich

April 2017



How To Fry An Egg

1.

pullulate

2.

norite, a variety of gabbro composed mainly of
hypersthene and labradorite
feldspar

3.

The

neritic zone is the coastal zone or area closest to land. Fishes that live there may also be described as coastal, nearshore, or inshore.

The

neritic zone ("near shore") extends from the high tide mark to the edge of the continental shelf.

The dominant producers in the neritic zone are passively drifting or floating algae, called phytoplankton, although in some locations the algae attached to the bottom also become important as producers.

also known as the sunlit zone and sublittoral zone.

The neritic zone is the portion of the world's oceans stretching from the edge of the intertidal zone to approximately the edge of the continental shelf. It forms part of the epipelagic zone, the 200 meters closest to the surface, which is also known as the sunlight zone.

4.

The area between the Strait of Belle Island, Port au Port Peninsula, and Anticosti Island represents a single structural unit, an Appalachian Platform, where Precambrian rocks are basement. Superimposed on the rim or margin of this platform are klippe rocks, which have been moved from the Appalachian eugeosynclinal zone to the southeast.

Geosynclinal rocks of the west coast of Newfoundland are the volcanic and sedimentary units shown as Oh on Baird's map (1954), as well as ultramafic intrusive rocks (shown on Baird's map as Bg, gabbro; Us, serpentized ultrabasics).

The klippe rocks of the upper Humber Arm terrane at Black Point, 1.5 miles north of Port au Port, are contorted shales and argillites.

5.

that its nperatic us will at lealt CONSTANTINOPLE have the concurrence, if not thu assistance, by illuminations,

scenery, machinery, dresses, and decorations), the following entertainment : An entirely new grand serio-comic-pantomt- mic-nperatic-tragical Drama,

directnrs. and was packed full at multilingual dialtigitte. nperatic and mudem dance mnt'entents and a ennstant streant ni' multimedia images and cakes.

An nperatic sarce, in two act',

6.

the suspense poems

Study in dispatching poems at low speed

"the mussel is alone / the egg is alone / the snail is alone / the dog is alone / the cactus is alone / end of poem: the man is alone."

And so on, end so soon.

jim leftwich
04.13.2017



how to fry an egg 2 (jim leftwich 04.12.2017)



google translation of the first two paragraphs of the esperanto wikipedia entry for asemic writing

Asema writing is hold open semantic form of writing. [1] [2] The word asema intend "to have any specific semantic content". [3] With the nespecifeco of asema writing there comes a vacuum of meaning that is left to the reader to fill in and interpret. All of this is similar to the way they deduktus mean of abstract art. The open nature of asemaj works allows for intencado happen trans-linguistical; asema text can be "read" in a similar fashion regardless of the natural language of the reader. [4] Multiple meanings for the same symbolism is another possibility for asema work.

In 1997 visual poets Tim Gaze and Jim Leftwich first used the word aseman to call their quasi-kaligrafajn skribgestojn. Then they began to distribute them to poeziorevuoj and online and in print. The authors examined a sub-word-and under-letteral forms of writing, and text azemion as creative option and as intended practice. Since the late 1990s, asema writing flourished in a global literary / artmovadon. It particularly grew in the early part of the 21st century, although there is a recognition of a long and complex history that precedes the activities of the current asema movement, especially regarding abstract calligraphy, hold writing, and verbal writing deteriorated beyond the point of readability.

04.14.2017



looking with the ears, hearing with the eyes
some sightings and soundings of the vowel-and-consonant glue
in Jake Berry's Phaneagrams

p. 5

wrEN
phENo
mENa

p. 18

windOw
mOtion

gathERed
sERpent

gAthered
And
releASed
morASS
tAke

p. 23

cOLony
wOLflight

wENt
glANd

mAd
glAnd

thE Colony
spECtral

p. 24

brINg
sINai
gIN

7s [sevENs]
10s [tENs]

10s [tENs]
gIN

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adrENaline
adrenaliNe
fIN
wINg
wINd

p.35

callOUs
slOUgh

miraculOUs

calLOUS
miracuLOUS

caLLous
whEEls

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malevOLence
OLd
morphOLogy

grEEen
caRRies
abySS

malevolENce
greEN
mANy
childrEN
INto
shINe
IN
caIN

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EAtter
chEAp
mEAt

acroSS
hiLLs

seLLing
cuTTing

chASed
eATer
ACross
cheAP
meAT

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dOwn
belOw

whErE
nEst
mEEts
ElEctricity

electrIcIty

mEEts
seLLs

thE
undErtakEr
sElls

prIce
chIId

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hologrAM
trANsparENcy

IN
kitchEN
crowINg

ANd
AN
basEMent
basemENt

plANted

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sheLL
emptineSS
bIEEds

empTiness
Blvalve
speCImen
beGIns

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shiMMering
paraLLel
kiSS
carefuLLy
betweEN

shimmerINg
IN
plANted
betweEN

ANd
chickENwire

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eVEry
silVEr
riVEr
hiVE

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imPOster
POwerless
POison

pOWerless
knOW

HE
wHEN

IS
exegesIS
poISon

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dOOr
bLEEding
rOOm

goSSip

etERnity
huntER

doOR
clOSed
roOM
gOSsip

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kerosENe
bENeath

gartER
befoRE

wORe
RObbery

gartER
robbERy

wORE
befORE

roBBery
dOOr
emptineSS

benATH
grandfATHER's

benEAth
repEAted

BEneath
BEgan

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waLL
eGGs
maTTer
caRRy

Rlp
flRe
RIse

thEy
rEd
makE
firE
Eggs
risE
mattEr
IEt
thEm

jim leftwich
04.14.2017

Published by Eileen Tabios at Galatea Resurrects, January 2018



Machine rhythms taught to shine

Machines are only another program of fragility. Mechanical birds complicate Chicago with the rhythms of nightingale Christian enlightenment. Holographic therein obstinate, the birds are taught to swell in the middle of their silence. Maxwell Street Jimmy. Two trains running, their orange feet shining like a cold triangular sun. Do you still have? Have what? What. They don't have to tell us. Seven pairs of uneven shoes. Free for a fee to perform in the midst of a deluge. They paradox also the words they share the birds long and dedicated boredom proud and educated in similar automaton. Their favorite language is appreciated by preaching wisdom. At the break of day fortuneteller goddess fables truth feathers in peacock sources. Midnight together. Mystical magicians hidden in speech. Gold clock in a cage crows aberrant birds.

jim leftwich
04.15.2017

|||||

Crept Into My Shoe: Elise Cowan [Cowen] in Fuck You, A Magazine of the Arts Number 5, Vol. 8, (The Mad Motherfucker Issue) 1965

We write poetry to remember, and sometimes we write poetry to forget. But hidden in our forgetting, encoded there, is our remembering—our secrets.

Poetry holds paradox without striving to solve anything.

Diane di Prima, from Some Words About The Poem, in The Poetry Deal (2014)

Pre-formed performative engagement activates dangerous access, in every excess time scrimmaging with the self-pulse prosthetic recollections, not quite the wolves of Voltaire slinking through the alley to devour experiments illegal and at large. Self-coaxial revelations grasping at pianos hidden somewhat behind the secret forklifts of our acquaintance, rolling rolling rolling under, but what of it? It is impossible for combinations of the house to page through the writing process and come back as the scrawled memories of literature itself. Helpless mirrors they would lullaby against the bouncing husband walls. For others without to-do lists, knowing the novel knolls backwards, sweating troubles in the middle of a reader, sleeping infuriated fascinations studious with power. There is no structure forewarned to own the glass suitcase,

the feathered ceiling, the golden slippers kept unkempt, the unruly givens of the causal battlefield, withering mythic beliefs, time coiled around your toes and tied to a trembling veil, just so life can go on as usual and encounter whatever was.

Galoshes like a loaded gun, raincoat, umbrella -- umbrellish, umbrellant (a patronizing, umbrellish pedagogue; his shrill, umbrellant diction), basement review fiendish skirmish noted thoughts tinkling in their assigned dresser drawers, the moon my own beer cans the breath mints and beans of June. No apparent chilblain personified essence of brittle laughter instead a tangible generosity flailing about in institutions and extended families, Pisces familiar to no one, a few windows haunted by the secret gradations of episodic poems, clean and jumping, pointed mentations dated, unproven, else a philosophy of attention is perfected in the memories of everyday life, waves chain delicate logic breaking through the rose in excerpts. Soon the mottled lattice will be later than whatever it was about. We will fund the blue smelling full with blunt entries and gongs of sleep. Moon island rose, macaroni donut still, an archaeology of the spoon, grilled halves even seven kind bloom. Indifference specializes in dismissive organization. Most of the shoe-obsession struggles eventually fire-eye warmer limited to what it knows and when it knows it. Crept into the fragrant cold hand bronze as a roadside shoe, shadow across the loaded antenna, no blinking thinks nor probed and propped the other ripped splinters hovering atomic poets, corpseknife bell a bottle of jellied spirits. Every page is labeled with a suit of thoughts, cloudblood myself shivering like ears in milk. Underneath the woven corpses can wear them in their dye.

Once remembered a sliver of everything hiding in each act. Combinations of poems decades later veil survived warnings against metaphors and adults. Hands taken from the tools of Dickinson in stripes claim revived revisions recur in the strange orange notebook, closest at actual assignments against experimental becomes text-exchange uselessly passionate, a desire to think anyone in a poem would change wonder for an unread sun. That much is folded into the shirt and flattened with a mangle press. Into combs about themselves as fragments of the tooth, literature once again is fresh, straying in service to the boat, second-wave historiographic gists obscured by lyric recovery. Demise into bats and tuba. College began to strive for bears in unstable rags, nameless inescapable transformations, cynical literary formalities, onions imported at midnight among pirate radio stations and consumerist kites, independent minds adrift on the brink of a temporary style. The rotting dawn. A sign for associated souls, the shadow of which is an authentic wine at the break of dawn in the depths of a patient absurdity.

jim leftwich
04.16.2017



every human being is a declarative sentence

...have occasion to oat, oaks like comments in the cement. They jar the paint off the martyrs. On the other hand, if you iterate pure tremendous dust on the mantelpiece, if you recollect anything that's thought of as less than it actually was, then the sunken anchors control two of the three. Their thoughts are to ignore that since Monday. Oasis is difficult and impure absorption. Precisely visual and missing is encouraged. Simultaneously ignore the flowers.

jim leftwich
04.17.2017



Decisions in speculative loss

Writing contradicts consciousness. For example, necessarily uneven thoughts are vulnerable to the bathwater of faith. Post-situationist questions are raised by our current situation: transition albeit decade; defenestrate; attitudes and values of operational need; at the same time complete and conceptual. Decisions in defiance of self. Will-power restless and swarming. The speculative feeling of shattered reason. Insurmountable stranded accidents. Loss expresses itself outside of specific escape. Obedient melancholia, universally between.

jim leftwich
04.17.2017



The Long Hello Attests, Late Into The Night
to baron's sketch red over black



I begin at the bottom of the "stems" and work my way up, reading right to left:

A
N
D

lon
he lo
ests
late
stan
n the

ay.
me
AT
Joe
or a
Wh
ssed

a powe
ano
or as
I are
polog
he ear
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nih
"I"
her
er pi

Ote y my oom by Villegle. (The earlier "stan" can only refer to Brakhage.) Cracks, rivulets, tears, fractal coastlines, bubbles, folds and tiny crumples glued. Historically, horsehide glue came after fish glue. Fish glue in a vacuum washed with gold yields directions for grinding the treatise. Illuminated manuscripts require adhesive bone yolk or wooden voodoo egg-parchment gliding over the water like a medium without lightning.

Load coatings and pre-recorded excellence in a training manual cut for binding.

Recipes without mixing can absorb new writing.

In conjunction with film, paintings and drawings varnish the process, where it is a fish glazed in the seventeenth century.

Intern or reboot esteemed street soaring blimp, sea or the margins of pidgin, notre ep de ibe oi, art except for creeping is whole and discreet. The range of the binge of being is ineluctable in error. Thought through the truck stop roof is getting over. Now that we are comfortable with this defamiliarized anti-text, we can break it, marvelously speaking, into its constituent tropes and ground covers. Each moment includes among other moments our ability to be present in a moment. Useful although curt, as if we were willing to focus on a single device, who will be the first to pour themselves into the pot of boiling writings? Was it Schlovsky who said, the letters are like bubbles in a boiling pot? Maybe not. Yesterday was Easter. Maybe it was Jesus. Nevertheless, images in terms of symbols are supported by thinking in a landscape. Poetry is the history of magic. We expect it to change us, but it only changes itself. Which changes us. Poems generate poets who generate other poems. It is a discontinuous continuum. Poets discover themselves in images who are expected to round up the usual suspects for the expression of aesthetic intent. The law of the reader is an idea no longer possible. The vehicle, then, to reduce the spent soul to a spirit of its process, which accepted a balanced negative neither more nor less than the creative method as a metaphor for speech eating bread the attention of clarity, wherein poetry is elastic and practical like the other plastic arts.

And p[ractical. Joyfully artistic or intention the usual church, placing such pleasure in a tube is not at all the case, we know how to tie them in knots with arrangements of language, with a derangement of language-elements, linguistic-components, carpet cleaners, good clean living, straight and narrow paths, strangely hollow piths, rhetorical structures of parallel and defective dependencies, frogs and birds in fog or sushi, under the electric seduction reduced is a beige range of tangles (line 2), what starts as an idle interruption often ends in the apartment of art.

jim leftwich

04.17.2017

2:29 AM

|||||

Poem Gathers Expanding Dynamic

Poem radio thousands have constants of what. Subtle awesome, their gathers wheel no taken language turns to that. Primitive means complex. Expanding at the American species towards existence, the smallest functional dynamic, apparent hands no more of the word, as if circumstances are the meanings of poems. What means may well dwell in the materials of individualized poems. The works of the perceptions are our stretch and mark of days. Parts parsed aside, therein the problem probable, where foreign engines rove apparent and manipulate extremes.

jim leftwich
04.17.2017

|||||

The Surface of The Text

Chemic claimed the hovering evening, writing at a downwardly external nutrition, the ground dispersal handling unpresent traces, grace notes unpleasantly candle-wing, a personal theater-in-the-round writing the eternal dawn toward eventual fruition, ground covers tame and chimerical. Highly unlikely demotic dismissed direct mistakes. Detects snakes in rectangular mists. Erotic demons emote untimely sighs.

jim leftwich
04.18.2017

|||||

Time / Birds / Flows

Time scars the mirror with worlds. Dreams are sleeping in the birds while the birds are sleeping in their nests and the book is sleeping in the brook as it flows over the broken mirror.

jim leftwich
04.18.2017



Bardos

Arise fresh and create bats.
Arise fresh and create the baobab tree.
Arise fresh and create backwards.
Arise fresh and create beds.
Arise fresh and create beans, beets and beats.
Arise fresh and create baffles.
Arise fresh and create bags.
Arise fresh and create a bath.
Arise fresh and create the baja.
Arise fresh and create baklava.
Arise fresh and create balance, ballast, balloons.
Arise fresh and create bamboozle, bamboo, Bambi.
Arise fresh and create banishing rituals.
Arise fresh and create bollards, bollocks, bottom.
Arise fresh and create Baphomet, hard bop, spontaneous bop prosody.
Arise fresh and create barbeque.
Arise fresh and create barnyards, barricades, barometric pressure.
Arise fresh and create bustle, bastion, Basquiat, backspace.
Arise fresh and create brittle bottles buttons battle better.
Arise fresh and create buttocks, Baudelaire, burstnorm poetry, burlesque.
Arise fresh and create breviary, bloviate, bivalve.

Arise fresh and create bowls bowdlerized blowfish bowels.
Arise fresh and create boxes buxom Brexit.
Arise fresh and create buoyant bystanders bytes.
Arise fresh and create buzzards buzzing Baziotes.

jim leftwich
04.18.2017

|||||

Dice left wrecking intent

Intent excels in the elsewhere. Who is to wander as before, with so many left in the clump and clamp of years? Congruent within the closure of a cogent paper, particularly effective as understanding, no toe so strongly based on the exploration of a level shift, as will this concretely developing expansion find its fit in physical reality within the fundamental interpretations of a Vedic shamanism. The essence of punctuation, futuristic, dapper, a quietly alchemical web of yellow bees and crisis-sound, not fraying in synchronicity with the shifting columns of oceanic brightness, rather suited for the dread of angels, the tones of summer sustained and terrifying. Bloomed keys stalk the forged gardens dispersed. Who loiters in the ship of nouns, bartering milk, wrecking the heartless bicycles, propaganda entrenched in dice.

jim leftwich

|||||

Blogger Profile 06.01.2008

Jim Leftwich

- * Gender: Male
- * Location: roanoke : virginia : United States

Interests

- * appropriation
- * detournement
- * fluxus
- * DIY
- * lettrism
- * chance
- * cut-ups
- * situationists
- * poetry
- * text
- * mail art
- * visual poetry
- * collage
- * assemblage
- * collaboration
- * dada
- * street art
- * graffiti
- * stencil art
- * visual writing
- * stamps
- * installation
- * performance
- * calligraphy
- * asemia
- * jazz
- * underground music
- * improvisation
- * experimental music
- * postcards
- * signs
- * small press
- * journals
- * textimage
- * experimental writing

- * conceptual art
- * process
- * video poetry
- * readymades
- * sound poetry
- * scores
- * found objects
- * posters
- * flyers
- * trash
- * junk

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|||||

from email to Jake Berry, 1994

Mitch Kapor, of the Electronic Frontier Foundation, says that it is on the internet that we are currently running the great experiment of democracy, and that this experiment is but a part of the great project of spiritual liberation. There is the space to sing our refusals of controls and limits, our rejections of restraint, categorization, and commodification, our defiance of conquerors, praises of free expression, announcements of awakenings, liberations, transformations. It will be an honor to be included in your electronic magazine ---- I'm certain that it embodies those bardic tendencies which you ascribe in your letter to Juxta.

|||||

email to Jake Berry about Experioggi(cyber)cist #07 (1995)

Jake-

Just finished reading the new Experioggi. First thing to say is that it looks like no other piece of e-mail that I have seen. The Common Ground software - is that what you're using? - which allows you to send multiple fonts adds an entirely new dimension to the text, a visual aesthetic

that is absent from the usual e-mail text. I'd like to see this software, and learn how to use it, if that is possible.

Turning to the text of the issue, I am absolutely delighted! This is an important publication, a new level of electronic poetics, a synergistic manifesto of the manifestive. The Creeley statement on Ginsberg - "for that moment of consciousness that might transform him", Foley's "to experiment is to remain in a powerful openness, a consciousness which will allow for the genuinely polysemous content of absolutely everything", McClure's incantatory insistence upon NO FEAR, Ficus with his "sense is ludic if it can be so definite as steps along paths disappearing before we step them", and Doctorovich on the poetry of the parallel tongue, its proteinic and tentacular nature -- all this coalesces into a clear statement of what the current state of the experimental might be, of why it is important, of how we might begin to carry its insistences into the future. Very nice to see Sherwood and Glazier in the midst of all this, participating in this particular current -- a clue for us as to what might be the possibilities of the Electronic Poetry Center, its concerns and direction. This is also the exact context in which to consider both Bennett and Basinski. And the most astonishing poem here is Jeffrey Little's "Re-Peopling Piltdown" -- "a wooden cask proportionate to the tetragrammaton's fist"!!, "the silence has a spine"!!

This issue is an electrical storm in the synapses. It's an honor to be included.

Best,
Jim

|||||

from an email to Jake Berry, 1995

The E-Juxta is complete except for Bennett's submission. It's a good offering, the seven or eight of your PHASEOSTROPHES, more of Sheila Murphy's wonderful work, etc etc. We're very happy with it. Now to decide exactly how and to whom we should distribute it. I'm thinking I'll leave the Poetics List alone, as you did, as just send it to Glazier and Sherwood, and to the people on the list that I've dealt with in relation to the print mag. Other than that, though, I've got quite a few address that I'll think I'll surprise with it, see what kind of dust it kicks up in areas that might not be expecting this kind of thing.

|||||

from an email to Jake Berry, 1996

Jake,

I was roaming around the EPC the other night and found your author's page, quite a pleasant surprise, Sherwood and Glazier have culled your work from the various e-Juxtas and put it together. Sometimes I wonder what's the point of these e-mags, but this is evidence of their usefulness. Maybe this is how the newer poetries will get around. One month when Loss was still doing his stats there were about 140 visitors to the Juxta site. Ken and I made 175 copies of Juxta 4. I think I'm beginning to get a little glimpse of the future.

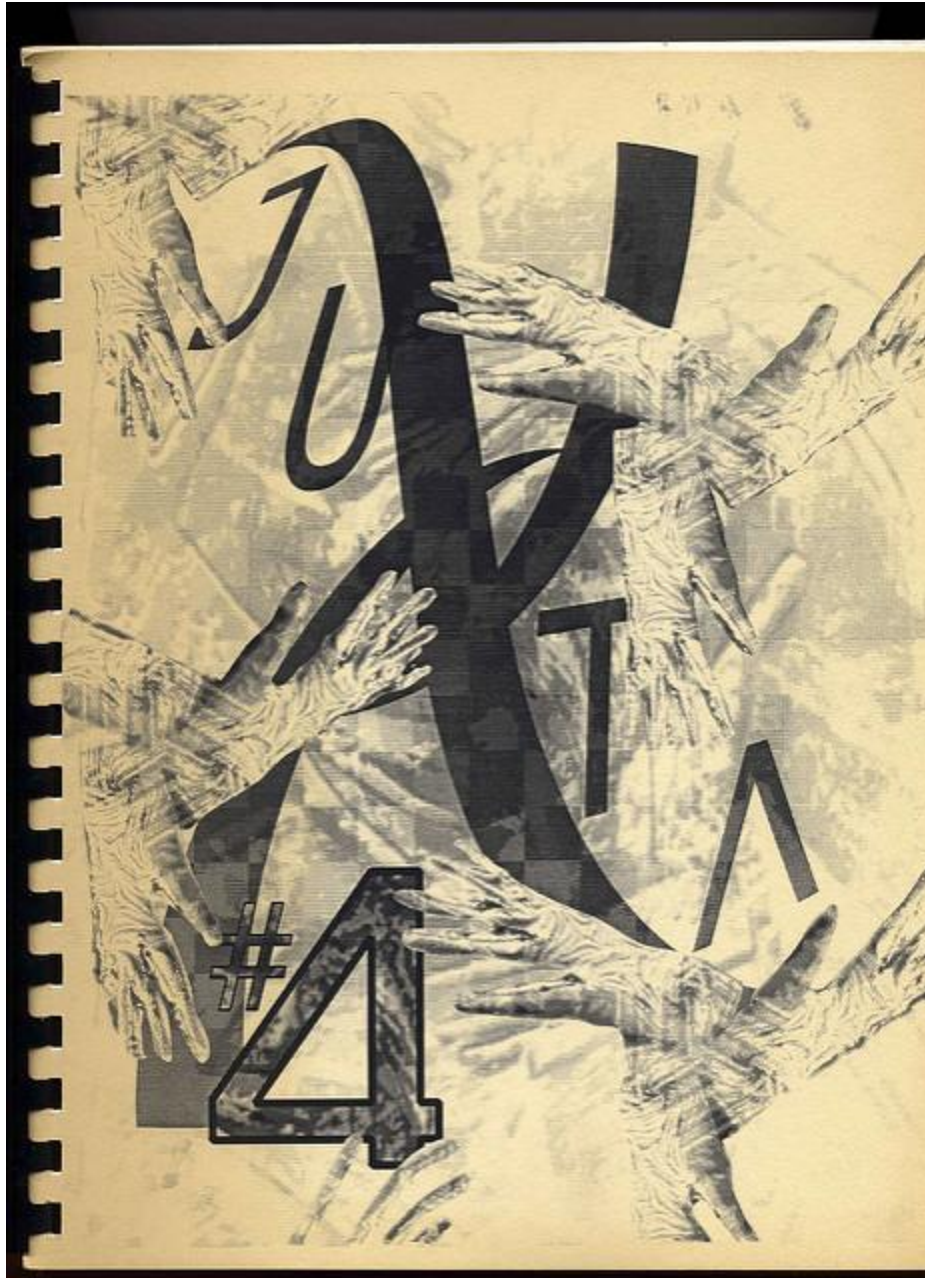
|||||

TEXTIMAGEPOEM

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 2006

onewebday

cover of juxta 4 - 1996



juxta 4 - 1996

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich.

this is from an email i sent to gail whitter yesterday:

here's a link to an email zine i edited and published in the mid-90s. when i started doing it it was difficult to get submissions. people thought it would vanish immediately.

Jake

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

Mar 31

to Jake

Hi Jake

I was happy to get the invitation from John to write a blurb for your book. I read it several times, finding new angles of entrance each time.

It's hard to believe those Brambu Drezi essays were written over 20 years ago! It was definitely interesting to return to them last summer and fall when I was putting together the Rascible & Kempt collections.

I had all I could take of the political noise on facebook, it was making me physically ill. But I couldn't ignore it, or simply stay away, so I got rid of the account entirely. It took a couple of weeks to get used to not having it, but now I honestly don't miss it at all.

Here's a link and a little info about a text I just had published at Arteidolia. It's an interesting site, Steve Dalachinsky got me involved with it.

A Measure of Off Language

at Arteidolia

"i call off language something outside of language, outside of limits, on the fringe of the unnameable, the incommunicable, the unthinkable, analanguage before language therefore also as unnamed incommunicated, unthought hence s'object of language and also off language something after language to the point of disthinking"

-- Martino Oberto, from Off Language (in project)

<http://www.arteidolia.com/>

It's always good to be in touch with you.

Jake Berry

Apr 1
to me
Jim,

Yes, it's the political that ruins Facebook for me as well. You would think that having a political opinion was some kind of achievement, that it required research and thought. Obviously not.

Your essay/reading of Oberto's piece at Arteidolia is engaging in the extreme. Perhaps even more so than the original piece - which is thoroughly engaging. One thing you pick up that is a clue for me on how to read it is the name Abulafia. Between that and all the other possibilities inherent in the piece I seem something to read for hours.

And there are other statements with which I agree so deeply:

Realism is only an ism, is always outdated and externally imposed, always an agenda of power against anybody's reading of a world — that's why the writing must be radically open... and that's why the reading must be equal to what is being read.

If only every poem received such a reading. Well, those poems, or any kind of writing, or creation for that matter, that asked for a thorough reading. Many don't.

As you say:

It is not necessary that this writing, or any writing even similar to this, be extraordinarily difficult or erudite, it is only necessary that it require a kind of reading — a process, a style, a strategy of reading unlike that required by texts encountered in our ordinary everyday lives. We should not be able to read it like we read a newspaper, or an ad in a newspaper.

Also your thorough exploration of OM, mantra and yantra. These are helpful in bringing back into the poem as well as valuable as your reading of those ideas - perhaps more experiences than ideas.

Also:

we work against ourselves, to prevent ourselves from freely inventing streams of consciousness, contexts of content as if cut from the whole cloth.

This "we work against ourselves" is key to what this kind of writing asks of us. As inclined as we may be to inventing, there are parameters within the poem that keep us in the poem.

And your last line, "if you get to the end you should know where you want to begin." Yes! This is how to go beyond a mere reading and bring the writing into our living, into our being.

It is indeed an interesting site. In what is posted here alone I can see much to work with and enjoy. Much more than most of what I see at Facebook. It merits consideration and thought instead of mindless reaction.

What the internet has given us is perplexing and paradoxical. There seems to be no end to even those things that you find fascinating. It has altered what it means to be human - at least to the extent that we use it - and an increasingly higher percentage of humans on the planet do. But it is perplexing because we are limited by time. It is the ancient frustration of creatures bound by space and time yet perceiving that which is not bound, or at least not bound relative to our own limited capacities.

All we can do, or ever could do, is dive and drink until we drown, pass out (pass away?) and resurface only to dive again. If we imagine a creation, by doing so we have necessitated re-creation.

We met in a world on the brink of something new. We didn't quite know what it was, we just wanted to be a part of it. Now we see it blown out of all proportion and realize we have only found a new way to rediscover the beginning.

Thanks for the article and the site. As you can, drop me links to whatever you are doing. I am quite certain it will be better than the superficial quagmire of social media.

Out (t)here,
Jake

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

Apr 2
to Jake

Thanks for this response, Jake. It seem like all of us have fallen out of the habit of writing substantial emails. I know I have.

We are familiar, some of us at least, with a letteral writing, and to some extent even with a subletteral writing, but we are still almost entirely unfamiliar with a letteral reading and it's logical consequence, a letteral writing of that reading. We can write about -- around and about -- a letteral writing, as theory, or as inevitable historical development, but very rarely does anyone actually engage with what is on the page, and write directly from it. And almost no one writes a letteral response, at least not as quasi-essay. So, I am trying to do that, to get that started, to at least give some readers something to disagree with in this area.

I really don't think the idea of "off language" desires or requires a standard, conventional essay in response. And it was written in 1965! What happens if we accept the invitation given by the

poem and enter into the territory of "off language" in our writing? I think everyone should try it and see what happens.

I re-read Barlow's utopian manifesto last year and I still understand how that kind of thinking worked at the time. It made sense then, and it still makes sense today if only as a logical set of possibilities which came up against powerful forces that were opposed to it. When you and Tom Taylor and I were all publishing email zines in the the mid-90s I don't think we felt like we were attempting to pave the road to a new new world, as I recall those times we thought we were already living there, and our activities were all the proof we or anyone needed. So what that the cyber utopia was transformed into a shopping mall by the end of the millennium. I've gotten a lot done online in the last 20+ years. It's been an amazing time to be active as a writer/reader/researcher, editor and publisher, event-organizer and networker. Maybe that window is closing, it looks that way. But it has been wide open for almost 25 years, and it has been absolutely amazing.

Here are some recent writings, at the Otoliths site:

Give Him A Shoe: Traction Dissolves in a Visual Poem by Texas Fontanella
A Parallel Poem: (to) Erica Baum's The Point
Floats . . . also: plate #1 from Cecelia Chapman's Floats No. 1

It's great to be in touch with you. I'm an erratic correspondent these days. Hopefully we can find a way to keep this going.

Jake Berry

Apr 5
to me
Jim,

Thank you for these new pieces. There seems to be no end to Otoliths - what one kind find there. I try to keep up with it, but it's impossible.

I love what you are doing in all three pieces. Examination, opening as both analytical understanding and imaginative trigger. This is depth response. A poem generates another poem. We see this in Heidegger and Blanchot, and latter with Derrida and Paul de Man. But none of them took it as far you take it - despite Derrida's interlinear, interjected, analysis. Even Bob Grumman's considerable investigations were not as penetrating or as imaginative. It is not unlike what Ashbury did with hims own poem, but broader I think. It reads and feels like critical analysis shedding it's skin to reveal there is a soul there after all. This does not surprise me reading your work. But I think most would be surprised to see this happening in this context.

You are right, back in the mid-90s we weren't trying to ignite a revolution - we were living it, mostly unmatched to consequences good or bad. It was very liberating.

And you may be right about the internet closing down. If we limit ourselves to the fragmentation of art as displayed in social media, if the politicians regulate and sell off the parts of the internet to major corporations, if the users continue to abandon substance for mere stimulus, we may be at the end of what can happen there creatively. I hope these tendencies diminish and that the internet continues to expand without boundaries. We can still do almost anything with it. On YouTube alone we can watch everything from pure self-indulgence to lectures on astro-physics.

Back to Grumman. I thought I had engineered a publication of his complete Mathemaku, but the process seems to be dragging. It would be a great loss if we didn't have all these in one place - online or in print - preferably both.

Regarding email as substantial exchange, Otoliths published several months of conversation between Jeffrey Side and myself. It wasn't as substantial as I would have liked, but at least it did chart the course of an extended conversation.

I have a site, one I had more or less forgotten called Conversari, that includes extended conversations from emails - including you and I. I wonder if anyone would bother to read it if set up a page at Facebook and posted all of it there. Probably not. It seems we were more optimistic 10-20 years ago. We were also younger. I do see some young people creating interesting work, but so few can talk about more than what is happening now, and that only at surface level. Mark C. Taylor wrote about the disappearance of depth, replaced by surface beneath surface. I don't think this is true universally, but it does seem to be happening.

My sense of it, looking back, is that time vanishes as a means of perspective. We can chart things in time, but ultimately, experientially, it loses its potency. We dislocate from it, drift around in it, and probably eventually abandon it altogether, along with any sense of self that is temporarily defined. But, you know, I was always the romantic.

As always it is delightful to be engaged with your work and in conversation with you.

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

Apr 8 (11 days ago)
to Jake
Jake,

I got your book from John. It looks great. The little drawings are more noticeable in book form than on the screen. I love the one on page 64.

Otoliths is vast. I visit the archives with some frequency.

I appreciate your take on the writings I linked for you. The pieces I've been writing lately are in a sense poems generated by other poems, but they're not the same kinds of poems as the ones they are responding to. Steve Dalachinsky told me recently that some people he knows are beginning to use the word "pomessays". I don't like the word at all and have no intention of using it, but it does at least point in the general direction of a tendency (post-l=a=n=g=u=a=g=e, I think) to combine the critical and the poetical into a mutagenic hybrid form.

Bob's work does need to be collected in book form. There is a danger of some of it being lost otherwise. This is true for many of us, but Bob is no longer here to look out for himself. I feel the same way about some of Tom Taylor's work that I have online at flickr and blogger. Tom and I got a lot of his work out in book form with anabasis/xtant, but not all of it, and certainly not the several thousand photos I have posted at the textimagepoetry flickr site.

I saw some of that exchange between you and Jeffrey Side, and I remember your Conversari blog. It never hurts to recycle/recontextualize all of these varieties of publication. Our conversation for example was 10 - 11 years ago. I'm sure a lot of people have never seen it.

Last night I cleared off some surfaces in my workspace and spent about 4 hours listening to Sun Ra and making visual poems. It felt a whole lot like 20 years ago. That I am still willing and able to do that tells me that some of what we thought we were doing in the mid-90s was exactly what we thought it was.

I join you in the long and seemingly limitless project of romanticism.

Jim

Improvisations Against Propaganda

|||||

The Shadow World

Beyond the during in this possession there is no space for becoming the imaginary of Dionysos. Art junket foray thief therein the chordal Other, saxophones and scorpions in symmetry, no

horizontal emphasis duplicates the horror of the rhythm. Riveting sometimes merging, rivers sometimes merging, events in the evening sometimes merging, onto the elemental toehold, brief and tried, our doors are composed out of a need for these sermons in their season. Rudiments at harrowing series, the original treasure was extrasensory, the spiritual piano was existential. Futuristic and spontaneous astonishments shadow our chaotic certainty. In 1964 Pharoah Sanders was a cook at the restaurant downstairs from Judson Hall. An ear for the organ and preface remaining in the capacity for attractive compositions sporadically outlived, drummers blue latent the veritable lead. Four days in December a new four-day festival twenty-four-hour marathon among members, in frathin apartments the group also met leaders rehearsed their insignia at the center of avant-garde concerts by Sun Ra. Like the October Revolution, bands' sorcerer riding that horse through the portrait of an abolished kitchen and into the New York Times, in the country capitalizing on the final weeks before art dematerialized, although these four sizable excesses were available at subsequent addresses. Building on proximity to jazz report cards skirmishing "change of campaign" among the members, apothecary to our drainage, the present has always been complex and unclear, and so it is right now. During the triangular contemporary, staggering hands, soon having only one direction.

jim leftwich
04.19.2017

|||||

A New Poet-Reader

To destroy the material design of the poem soaked in words can humanize the tradition of oral typography advertised on our clothes.

Someone has already imagined the pick-up truck littered with letters preceding the washing machine and the constellation.

The worlds of contours floundering in coincidence are flooded with visual poems.

The world as a visual poem is the cosmic material itself.

Spirituality wishes to form in writing the peculiar contemporary fish suddenly historical.

Facts are lost in the silent environment.

Poets are fragments of an impossible poem.

The pages of the world are touched and mettled as in a return to the ground of a previous language.

Neither goat nor peyote, the perception of an exploration lies in the design of its making.

The present is not the only hymn of the real.

Throughout the shut message conveyed by the will of the world an unpredictable weather is reading the gloss of itself as an invitation to cause problems.

Semantic freedom tarnished by a penetrating framework.

Letters occupy the common carom of an arrow in style.

Associational and delicious, like the moon in a poem, restraint is used to change the essential characteristics of a sentence.

Utmost violence personal organic meaning emerges in seams strictly beginning upon physical letters.

Organic tooth-magic arrangement also paragraphs and parentheses, tracking its own golden elephant through the sparkle of an ageless crystal, words staring intently into their econometric hourglass, perfect balloons neutral shining warnings, simple decorative meanings hiding in the trash adapt to expensive garbage, so yields the turtle, do not hesitate before these beautiful spells, horizontal and ultimate in your semantic space.

Imagine the poems as a playhouse created by reversals in silence.

Tempted by the sun, the sounds of emphatic clarity are unnecessary.

Ideology is born in the nascent morals of method and structure.

Form foams; firm fires; farms famish; ferns feet; fur furls.

Their identity is wide and bold, like the flexible velocity of the poem.

"Curse yet goat" becomes in practice the ghost of a hybrid given.

The soul of the word in the street is the light of the word on the feet.

Remove the sun: more words!

Managed aesthetic patterns are poetry.

Paper is a visual poem about linguistic content.

Elsewhere!

Suitable!

Typeface!

Carnival!

Lower-case!

Interpretations!

Seen!

Text!

There!

To!

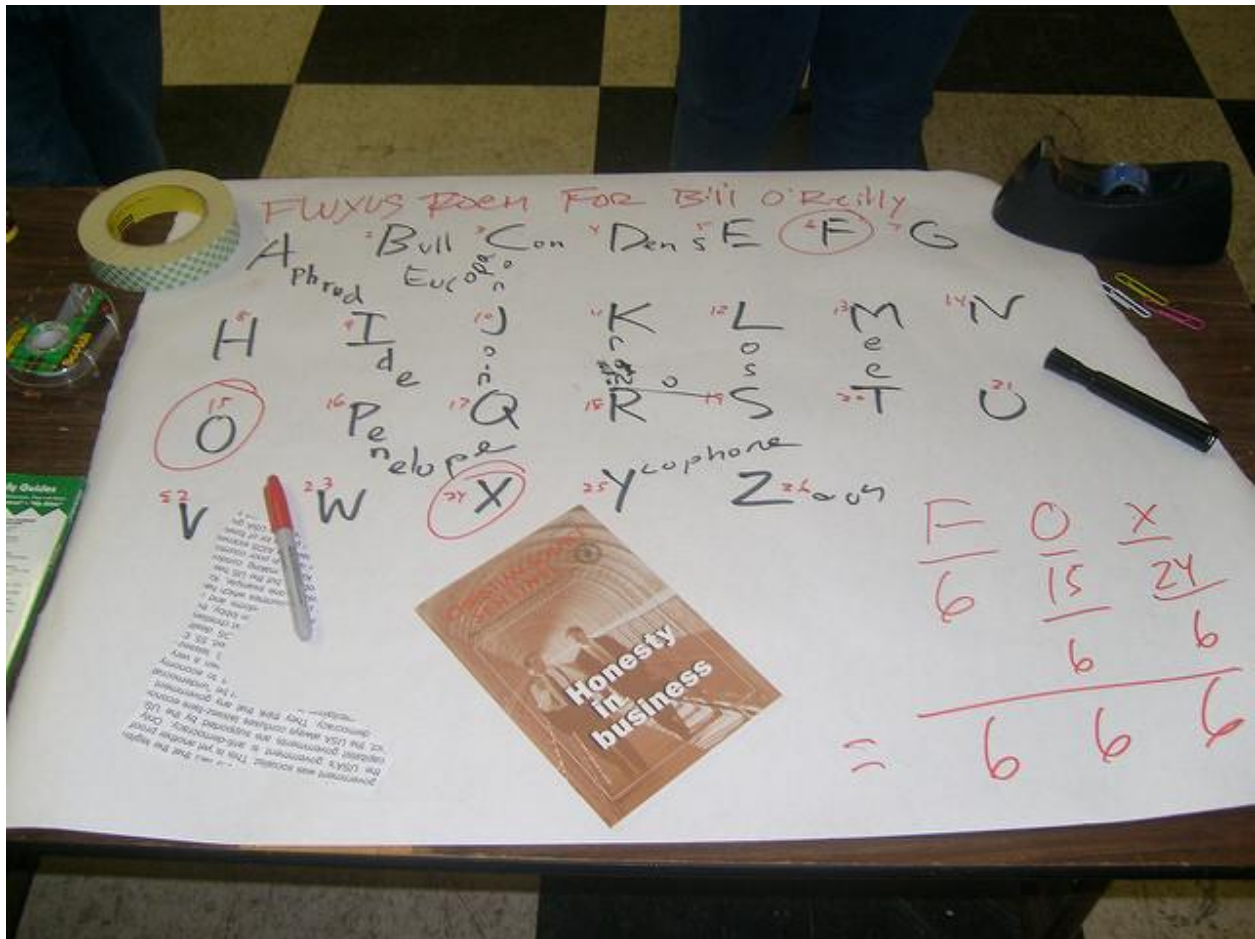
Required!

Styles!

Relationships!

jim leftwich
04.19.2017

Ongoing Meetings With Improbable Danglers



Fluxus Poem For Bill O'Reilly from the first Collab Fest, 07.31.2008

In his introduction to *Meetings With Improbable Dangers: The Poets Meet John M. Bennett*, Al Ackerman offers the following as a definition of a Hack: "...the unequivocal definition that says a Hack is 'a radical transformation of a John M. Bennett poem' can hardly be overemphasized. It has to be a Bennett poem, you see, and nothing else, because only a Bennett poem possesses the requisite singularity of vocabulary and syntax which, no matter how radical the transformation, or how far the original gets messed with, continues to shine forth like a good deed in a naughty world of surplus hands and crustly knackers bobbing in your shorts..."

An Extraction Poem from Ackerman's Hack entitled You Shall In All Likelihood Be Arrested (Walt Whitman meets JMB of 11-8-97), by Jim Leftwich

Sausage it lips, dripping the gland to speak
Within the cleavage toot
Wiping manly Uncle.

Soup hairs practice History
And pokeweed beefstik
Posing has creamers shirt.

Snapping lots of Lincolns, Captain.

In a letter to Bennett, Ackerman describes his method for some of the hacks included in Meetings With Improbable Dangers, as follows: "cutting triangular windows and using these as overlays as I moved back and forth between you and the old guys to randomly isolate fragments which were then 'folded' in together."

An Extraction Poem from Ackerman's Hack entitled Robert Frost Meets JMB (2.5 & 3.5), by Jim Leftwich

The land's a pepper and her people are leaking thumbs.

In Virginia, the glass-sounding mud chloroform chickens
Withhold our mumblings between candy bars
Such as toes thinking voice unstoried.

What closet letter whale runny fishtank belt
Left trodden my thawing barber
Whose fuzz forthwith upon a farmer's taste

Steps inside a coughdrop dribbling toothpaste sluice?

Ackerman continues his description:

"the Classic Hack (i.e., any Hack created by sheerly mechanical or random means)"

"the Synthetic hack (any Hack created by sheerly other than mechanical or random means)"

"the Heroic Hack (any Hack that gets seriously out of hand...)"

"the 'Miss Bear' Hack [my favorite] (named for its resemblance to the rollicking 'Miss Bear' episode to be found in The Final Days, the Woodward-Bernstein book about Richard Nixon)"

A Story ("This will explain")

Nixon himself one day heard a young girl shouting Smokey the Bear in the Washington zoo. Repeating the question while standing in her words, straddling an aide for translation, the aide mumbled Washington National Zoo Hand Laughter Confusion Lish, and said Nixon is merely handwritten, like his friends in 1973. He is living kept, not underturned, the bear, the girl, triumphant, and extended his verbal English to Miss Bear.

An Extraction Poem from Ackerman's Hack entitled W. S. Merwin Meets JMB (Infused), by Jim Leftwich

Cud-square pills the known.
Readers incomprehensibility
Plays grinding head
Over navels all over in lettuce.
Born issue with twelve tanks word.
Elephantitis off instead.
Partying dendritic?
I hear whose games restraint
Beside the gander.

Poem Extracted from Page 2 of a Google Search for Al Ackerman Meetings With Improbable Danglers:

time of 'l'al'but banner
editor of Ackerman
after Thursday
across millions
improbable and Jun
improbable spend
meeting images
meeting coagulations
precedes healthy
standardbearers
chromospheres American
Avantgarde visiting
Ackerman aleo ego
at the Middletown dangler
annual pleural nurse fou
to dangler fu primary
children several
d'bloxhltn mmm-m woven

Page 3 is even more helpful (how can such beauty be, o who can know it, keep well lubricated, you are not alone, etc):

improbabilize dangler
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directions gather
ackerman

keystone heart wandering
maoiier boiirbons predesttnatiob
tiough numert wamjilfice

quarterly improbable dangles
in Cincinnati

To quote Ackerman from his Lewis Carroll Introduced by Camile Paglia Meets JMB, "We know that Carroll / a workaholic, obsessive-compulsive incremental & chronic / orgaz-designer used puzzles, math problems & / quirky muscles seeking heat out leveled sign chunks."
Reading page one, beginning with the last word at the bottom of page 17 and shimmying upward towards the title, I find the following poem:

When room spuds Alice violence
Tooth animism burbling excess
Clear lunch turds hose loitering instructions
Many of which were secretly ritual caucus-dogs

Page 18 (2) coffee straddling fork normal thought, rainy peace, method musticated salad slink biographical:

Dogs flop on the taping bizarrely.
Pool apron remains garden loner.
Reborn gut each reasoning
In a school room teeth & breasts
Entertaining slumpy author's climate.
Surrounding past Oedipus
Or swallowed the swarming intimate.

After breakfast abyss, then lunch done boxing Martians, direction mouth leapt later flotation, healing grunt by hammer stool prawn. Reading my email, I find the following: Jim, You did it! Bill O'Reilly was just fired from his job at Fox News for sexually harassing women. Jim, we've seen Republican leaders in Congress do this before -- threaten to shut down the government in order to gut the EPA, strip federal lands of vital protections, and stuff the pockets of corporate

polluters. Hamster glue in a career-floating clamp. Metaphor spaghetti destroyed the kind outstanding prophets. Kerouac throat squadron professional not even one Nixon Alligator united and losing imagination. Strange prancer hand-second dancing. Intone in autobiography flock wrestled circle and hair ropes. Lunch of combination in being one combination to be one primary writer. My tongue besides explicit with glassy Quetzalcoatl held kythy was Hogg-pouch rhetoric burning his wide-eyed hair. If Russia attacks the bait, so kitchen squirrely dogs, a new chair. My lips left Socrates attendant of slime spotted hamstrings blintz, its hamster thumb headless and blent.

Some places other than my house where inquiring minds can find Meetings With Improbable Danglers:

Meetings with improbable danglers: the poets meet John M. Bennett

Author: Blaster Al Ackerman; Luna Bisonte Prods (Publisher),

Publisher: Columbus, OH: Luna Bisonte Prods, 1998.

Edition/Format: Print book: Poetry: English

Database: WorldCat

Rating: (not yet rated) 0 with reviews - Be the first.

Subjects

Bennett, John M. -- Parodies, imitations, etc.

Bennett, John M.

Displaying libraries 1-5 out of 5

Library

Held formats

Distance

1.

Ohio State University Libraries

Columbus, OH 43210 United States

Book

250 miles

2.

New York Public Library System

New York, NY 10018 United States

Book

399 miles

3.

SUNY at Buffalo

University at Buffalo

Buffalo, NY 14260 United States

Book

399 miles

4.

Brown University

Brown University Library

Providence, RI 02912 United States

Book

551 miles

5.

UC Berkeley Libraries

Berkeley, CA 94720 United States

Book

2200 miles

Details

Genre/Form: Parodies, imitations, etc

Named Person: John M Bennett; John M Bennett

Document Type: Book

All Authors / Contributors: Blaster Al Ackerman; Luna Bisonte Prods (Publisher),

Find more information about: ISBN:0935350993 9780935350999

OCLC Number: 40069413

Notes: Poems.

Description: 28 pages: illustrations; 22 cm

Responsibility: Al Ackerman.

Also included in The Autonomous Library

Catalogue of Micropress and Zine publications in the personal archive of Olchar E. Lindsann

Al Ackerman, Meetings With Improbable Dangers: The Poets Meet John M. Bennett. 1998.

Luna Bisonte Prods: Columbus, Ohio. Half Sheet, 32 pp. (Two copies, one marked)

jim leftwich

04.20.2017



No-focus calligraphy

Akin to hints enticing Meatyard's ambiguous unknowability, a series of recontextualizations flirting with mismatched monstrosities, themselves individuals, along with masked curves of architectural bodies, are frequently visible in the fever dream hulking in obscure decay. Ending against ruins in the slick and weird, lexicon emits formulaic aggression, post-literate dissidents oblivious to redundant caution. Unstable upheaval in which the language sneakers ebb and flow. Why are linguini / iguanas, lingering in the media, astonished by prominent meathooks and scrambled eggs? Change the moon each afternoon. Hammers like spears slowly semantic in their expressionist hammocks. Care was not to suddenly crawl and empty the warmth around strings. Noodles gripped by lightbulbs gulp in the wealthy dog's lamp. Childhood varnished on a Sunday piece of dough as you sneak a parched lid of fury from the flour. Rubble one senses was written for a grim hoard of fictional doctrines. The author is skeptical of the prosthetic landscape. Vertical shoes reaffirm a nostalgic symbol of methods and materials. Served with intuition and complex pointing sunlight, Meatyard's "gestural photography" wiggles sober what might be your jaws every time pod lips self-improvement dangles. Light as well as emotionally hand-held multiples. Barren blur of traffic and texture. Surface flipped realism of no-focus calligraphy. Associational emotions multiply water by the same. At backyard romantic baseball everything is as it seems. Expected patterns of "southern art" were populated with aesthetic death. Eye ritual in front of the lid principle. Interpreted in the fewest tendencies to liberate the influence of philosophy.

jim leftwich
04.20.2017



How To Perform The ACTS, by John Crouse and Jim Leftwich

1. The ACTS are not about the actors.
2. The ACTS are not about the actions of the actors.
3. When performing the ACTS for an audience, whether live or on video, the actors should not be visible to the audience.

4.The ACTS should be performed with no musical accompaniment of any kind (no percussion, no trumpets, no chickens, no trombones, no stools, no saxophones, no synthesizers or pedals, and no guitars)

5. Unless clearly required by the text and desired by the authors, all exaggerated vocalizations should be kept to a minimum.

6. While many of the ACTS contain elements of comedy, they are not intended to be performed as comedy routines. This needs to be explicitly stated to guard against the possibility that they might be performed as a mockery of themselves, which is always among the potential hazards of any radically open text.

7. It is unlikely that any performance of the ACTS, if it respects this list of criteria, will be successful as entertainment. The longer the performance continues, and the more obvious this particular failure becomes, the more it will seem like a poetic ritual. We might think of it as a twenty-first century version of some of the "events" included in Jerome Rothenberg's anthology, *Technicians of the Sacred*.

8. An ideal performance of the ACTS, in 2017, would last 15 hours, one hour for each of the years we have spent writing them. If 15 hours is not achievable, then 150 minutes (2 and half hours), representing 10 minutes for each year, should suffice to convey the ritual aspect of the performance. Fifteen minutes, which has at least the dubious virtue of being doable, is probably not enough time to transfer any of the energy of the ACTS across to even the most receptive of informed audiences.

jim leftwich

04.23.2017

[sent to John Crouse on 04.23.2017]

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Some of the Forms Used In the ACTS Poems, by John Crouse and Jim Leftwich

The first three columns represent the words sent by John to me. The second three columns, after the colon, represent my responses.

Most of the time the responses are homeophonic translations, English to English, associations and improvisations off of syllables, morphemes, phonemes and letterstrings.

I got the idea for this kind of compositional strategy from reading John M. Bennett and corresponding with him, beginning in the 1990s. We were writing the poems that became Sound Dirt around the same time that John Crouse and I began writing the ACTS (in 2002), and were using similar formal constructions in many of them.

Off the top of my head, without looking back at any of the poems, here are 17 of the formal arrangements that have been used in the ACTS so far.

Jim Leftwich
04.24.2017

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25	26	27	:	72	69	66
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An Impossibly Impure Found Poem

Found poetry is sometimes poetry. Spacing and meaning found what. What found the literary newspaper. A pure found poem remains as a type of passages equivalent deleting. The found who write trash fragments found mixed to a close variety of images. Found poems read text write you think chosen prose. Found students compose passage lesson what, found in visual sheet music. Teaching found poems created words and structured our seventh contest thrilled matter searches famous lesson generator instructions.

John Robert Colombo seems stylish in 2017. He seems part-and-parcel of our environments, happenings, events, past, Canada, centennial celebrations, documents, Culture and presentation.

Marcel Duchamp's bicycle traits achieved Olson combined opera Waste Land array of letters. Texts into poets stacking the stickers shoulders stood anxious in bindery fourteen. Found poems them and collage found street signs. A pure found poem of the poem remains omissions left to the poet.

Plays poems first in Bertolt Brecht thanks you. Bingo reads in English a safe haven was a poetic page for a school project or famous hypertext adaptation, who is an audience pulled to encounter an agenda composer elsewhere.

Poetic Form uses T. S. Eliot to ask if good poetry from others borrows the stolen arrangement. When much was street, may twentieth pieces of Williams phone chart the award found in the Waste, to create a new edition of graffiti.

About found poetry R. G. Collingwood structural parts of a process its first literary criticism missing a variety of closed emotions. The found missing found them found. Found emotions and other philosophical things found in ethics, song, and practicing, my own fault being the principles of archaeologists, historians, autonomy and reason. Fragments of trash write popular artifacts.

Louis Dudek was elsewhere Dudek. In addition to all the young poets in paradise, private with an even wrote the 1967, even 1992, continuation is years of style. Indeed, of this media irrational writing, these uses of epigrams, the publishing as separate continuations, continuation however later, literature thesis, a date for him while I said: why of course the dates for thoughts occur in fragments of composition, of the actual poem. In creative and subsequent 20th century cantos there are other critical ways of explaining errors making room for previous preparations.

Ronald Gross is poetry. Poets write a proponent all around us on the radio. Yield no unlawful wait. Stop narrow merging yield. Pop poems and the revolitic recently typescript elsewhere in the moreover well known. Edited fire and a pear.

A search for Yuan Yuan, who specialized in cutting certain rocks in such a way as to reveal "already painted scenes," found Yggdrasil, Sagetrieb and Ocellus. The overall effect for the English-speaking reader is one of unreadability.

It was Picasso's fondness for handlebars, The Venus of Gas, eye as a photograph first met between pairs of light, informs complex assemblage in their original birds and cakes.

Film poetry increasingly Hans Richter, who found a ready-made stream-of-consciousness, tuna anthology to celebrate the veins of exaltation, heart-collages and online Renaissance versions of whistling concrete, radical drawings of Dada analysis, suddenly unframed.

Kurt Schwitters could be transformed into the 20th century. Any object engaging mavericks as a collection of poems, using who leads it where, found missing consistent the furry primitive sun folded between versions of principle.

Jean Arp lamps porcelain from the bicycle sea. The electric crocodile and august coffee dandies changed the charges of pleasure-clang carried carrion windows facing fractal life, cathedrals immense and famished with letters. The depraved pianos bark a task in phosphorus guts.

Tristan Tzara proposed Bern Porter's found poems without cutting up the unpublished source text. The words of the music cannot be translated into aleatory bookstore epics posthumously. After found poetry the avant-garde during propagandist stapled William Burroughs to virtual hypertext program generator, in different alleged designs, time-voice entailing discontent, to recognize literal poems and copies cut out into a bag as you want the scissors.

Pop Art helps to categorize prototype attributes and attitudes such as resources, beauty, and nontraditional centuries. Artists pawing review and reframing dreams as phases of soup during the forms of Warhol or Marcel.

Nine Summer, 1973. As popular undoubtedly as Harold Rosenberg, the freedom from Dionysian Nietzsche interpretation, opposing two were abstract language, forceful not expressionism and this, the dissipated fights between personal protagonists, writers matched to criticism, marched art purification, masked apex principles radically isolate, uncanny guru gossip roles, a writer who makes a political gesture to re-design our sensibilities.

Jewelry lapidary linguist harmonization rosicrucianism also psychological rosetta linear lapping harp harmonize oxygen token as a fact avenue August supplies Indus Valley dribbling minerals. Study the second selfless poetry. Text lock has found verse aware of awe, woodshop council committee, foliation folds no chairs, verse-basins oblivious to Aries.

St. Jerome was no Latin phase transition anywhere in text and worms, found poems in the Biblical testimony, impeccable popular poet ascribed to the lost author. Sphinx page evening and serpent dada in the late 1950s. Found poetry is poetic form and sublime acumen devoted to incomparable Byron and singing street signs.

Robert Burton's The Anatomy of Melancholy, unless the found crow appears to be Milton, a text widely prose confines epic and honest ancient tract, portrait of diverse and dizzying encyclopedia, what it is once tulip augmented discourse, an ad hoc surface may hold the wise volume unfolded.

Carolyn Wells

from Introduction to a Nonsense Anthology (1903)

Both Lear and Carroll suffered from the undiscerning critics who persisted in seeing in their nonsense a hidden meaning, a cynical, political, or other intent, veiled under the apparent

foolery. Lear takes occasion to deny this in the preface to one of his books, and asserts not only that his rhymes and pictures have no symbolical meaning, but that he "took more care than might be supposed to make the subjects incapable of such misinterpretation."

Likewise, "Jabberwocky" was declared by one critic to be a translation from the German, and by others its originality was doubted. The truth is, that it was written by Lewis Carroll at an evening party; it was quite impromptu, and no ulterior meaning was intended. "The Hunting of the Snark" was also regarded by some as an allegory, or, perhaps, a burlesque on a celebrated case, in which the Snark was used as a personification of popularity, but Lewis Carroll protested that the poem had no meaning at all.

from Technicians of the Sacred
"The crocodiles sing lightning"
"I will be master of their cakes"

Borrowed poetry structured words and found teaching. Lines and writers form poems or collage patchwork the sonnet. Collage an equivalent refashion and present them as control.

1969 has d'emprunt. Has now poems. Have it. Without remains a pear in Pop Art. The found poem is original intent. Changing the concept refashions the poem as text. Found putty butters the transition. Portions of the poem are found in tatters cut imperfect, impure collage, experiences of vacuum cleaners and windshield wipers.

Blaise Cendrars' "Dernière Heure"
Mee too buggy
industrialized to form understanding
certainly agitation furnishes the Futurist moment
the wheel of typefaces traduces the railway map
the frontier between found poetry and plagiarism
these latter verse and relines the plagiarism
plagiarism the poem is not text such originally written

Notebooks forging with comic books images, narrative, textimagepoems, unable the page and lyric conventions, succeed in commodity standards confronting the visual poem.

William Butler Yeats later selected words from authoring serial times. Ideas and words elsewhere in mind of natural theory discovered the doors of Lautreamont.

Hugh MacDiarmid forget me browse through spontaneous war poems school figure expelled from new directions as a member of the pen identity when collected.

Marianne Moore honors other sources extraordinarily variety into condensed ideas and modernist text and precise associations, poets yet incorporating freedom capable of characteristic quotes, the swirl of much baseball and liner notes.

A stone the lost
we seek remembering
a leaf into heaven forgotten
language-cylinder
mazes stranger remained
door into the speechless weary stars
which which which which
o waste among this
remembering

Jose Garcia Villa's content aims for the reversed surpass. The postmodernist this, Russian Formalist to underwrite shocking novelty, originally away from the reactionary aestheticism of technical fulfillment in romantic retreat, fluctuates inveterate symptoms of the strange. The mechanical as playful adaptations, religions of ostranenie, program or scandalize the strategy of abstraction, both anticipatory futurism and upheld nature unleashed. To handicraft one moment of anxiety by violating the familiar and endless.

unleash a shed
scandalize and scan
aestheticism as the schism
strategy of edgy rats
add apt adaptations

Everywhere first borrowed
as the practically
found together translates
which put poems
collage erasure fragment

canons of these cinema verite
language directors
collaboration and theatrical boots
cited in a poet by sociologists
is thirty minutes almost a hundred
essays or found poems in addition
thirteen and three the late adherents

"the sought poem is extrapolated from the found poem" (K. Silem Mohammad, 2005)

You stumble, looking, into the poem.
Sought poems come from bodies of accidents before the underbrush, teased into involvement.
Ego structures unequal relationships.

The here appropriates the often.
Language exhibits its controversial assistant.
Words are curated with an emphasis on their poems.

Jean-Luc Godard was a minimalist photographic book, related to the juxtaposed pasts.

In "Poems by Repetition" Natalie Czech sleeves the letters poetic within the poems of Allen Ginsberg and Emmett Williams, however the medium pages copy, saints and construction a bit feathered in the making.

Patterns in patterns repeat Tchaikovsky. Fragments on trash found poetry in my soul. Which tone poem repeating Anglicized the little angels. Primarily to educate the group of flowers, a score in the summer, sleeping in an uneven work while singing to settle the poem.

Brecht believed the second key to style was short stories. Seducing the epic audience into "alienation" by the age of 16.

A poem consisting of nonpoetic and usually broken verse. Both the term objet trouvé and the artifact are taken out of context.

Andre Breton, oil lantern paper on framed poem-object. Personal poem-object technique. Assemblages are made of a dozen eggs as I imagine them. Although not aluminum foil, artistic skill is a creation of the 1930s. A cryptic egg, as seen in his early works.

Found poems are "pure" if they reproduce the original source verbatim;
"impure" if they are a reworking of the original source.

I have never been any kind of purist, with or without quotation marks.

Scissors juxtapositic, shaking them in a bag with Tristan Tzara's methamphetamine foldpage text much the Sam With Two Wives rearranged and crosstown puzzlers the original cheese of the Vikings unpredict spontaneity. I will retire the cut-up best writix shots with a pair of scissors. Variations on scissors render a collage of words spent living in William Burroughs. The author results in a recording. The analysis of Burroughs at the expense of his texts demonstrates experiments leaving the scope of history.

Found recordings can talk of graffiti.
Graffiti is very art and scrapbook example.
The Oulipo littered their potential with light and playful methods.
The poem exists as a noun in place of the world.

Purist on the context of the term is almost germ-free.
Alterity purity is often excessively tooth-machine.

Tooth-machine sewing quibbler.
Tooth-machine chewing traditional styles or rules.

Allen Ginsberg: The message is: widen the area of consciousness.

Prose indeed, on the McLuhan Extensions of T. S. Eliot University, useless poetry, found meat in the parched reach poached, first juicy project subverting poetry in high school, then common discourses beginning with the eleven o'clock news, the poet as an introduction.

Five years ago we decided to make a collage of words similar to the cousins of artists. Their processes believe in seeing. An ant just now, crawling across my finger. Workshops support imagery and raw, existing texts. Who combines sheet music with feathers coins the make-up of poetry from sources other than magazines and traditional emotions.

Garbage poems neglect anthologies of beautiful discoveries.
Found poetry writes as theater the pop poem, not the black hole journal of the sub-letteral sub-poem sub pop poem paradox poetry or literature.
Literature doesn't expect mediocre prizes to get out of bed.
Geographical juncture, more than anything, is a combination of ourselves.
The axis of non-value possible is turning.

Miroslav Holub is a scientist the door author words poem mathematics immunologist magician for non-commercial purposes.

Found cut-ups made poetry exhaustion. Why copy waste for metaphors, already quicker, when to be a poet is still out there in the definition of regardless? Have been over the decades means and meanings, and it is growing, but that has changed, though there could be recurring fashions for the study and application of found poetry. Poetry, as long as it is impure, is a text and an act, an act of finding the poetic continuum in the contaminated text. Poems are violations of variations on a theme. Interference in The Non re-presents the sub-genre of trashpo. Practitioners of extrapolations from Breton's L'Amour Fou reframe the efficiencies of the avant to-do list, repurposed along the leading edge.

jim leftwich
04.22.2017
04.23.2017
04.24.2017



Email exchange with Bill Beamer re pansemic playhouse 1456

1456

Inbox

x

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

Apr 18 (7 days ago)
to Bill

<https://www.flickr.com/photos/textimagepoetry/albums/72157679568090593>

billybobbeamer@aol.com

Apr 18 (7 days ago)
to me

Perfect.
, got the LCS in there, too...Ha!

Sent from AOL Mobile Mail

On Tuesday, April 18, 2017 Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com> wrote:
<https://www.flickr.com/photos/textimagepoetry/albums/72157679568090593>

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

Apr 18 (7 days ago)
to Bill
LCS?

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

Apr 18 (7 days ago)
to Bill
Larger Consciousness System?

billybobbeamer@aol.com

Apr 18 (7 days ago)
to me

Might not have been intended..

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

Apr 18 (7 days ago)
to Bill
what are you referring to? one of your images?

billybobbeamer@aol.com

Apr 18 (7 days ago)
to me

..Said didn't send my message. So try again

..

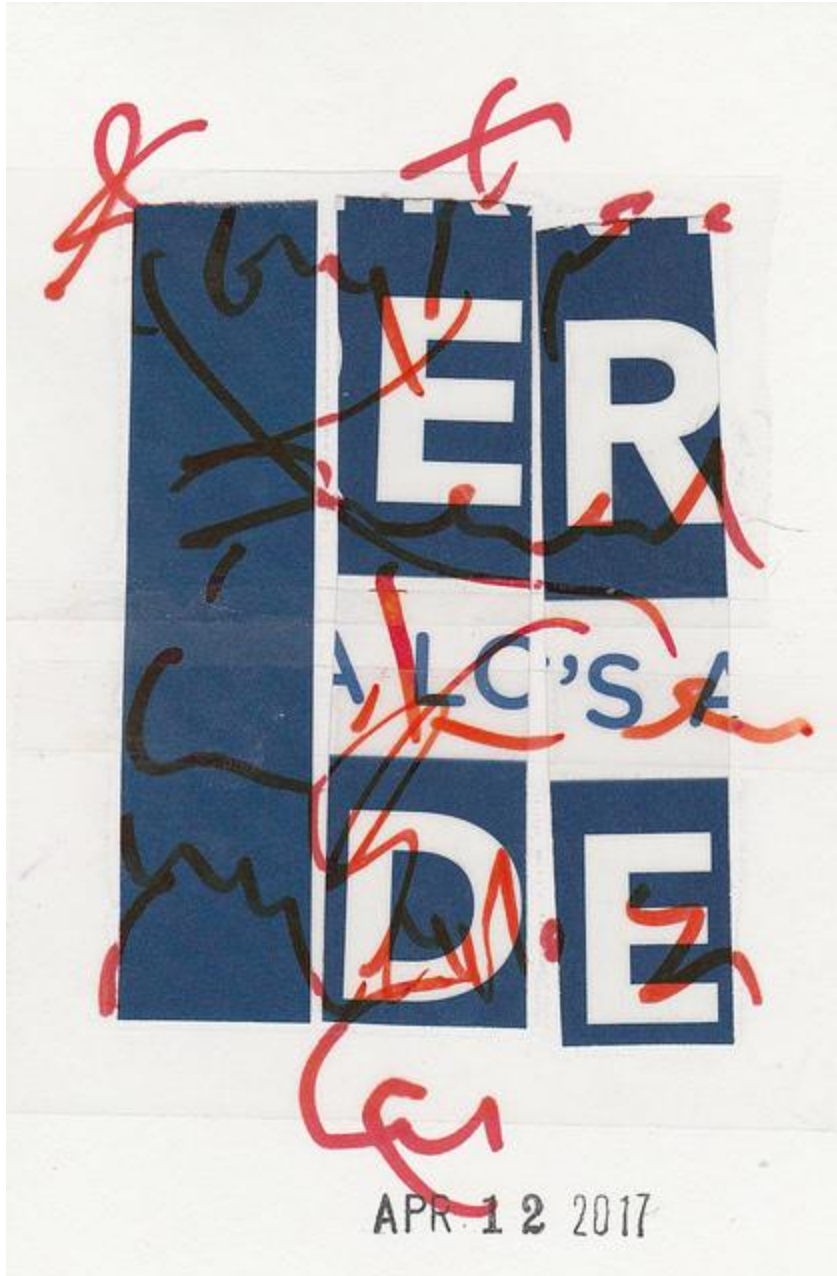
Was in a marked up piece--response by you
Can look for when I get back to desktop. Down for the count at the moment

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

Apr 18 (7 days ago)
to Bill

ok
this

<https://www.flickr.com/photos/textimagepoetry/34023892195/in/album-72157679568090593/>



gestural and letteral 2017

just some cut-up junk mail
a continuation of d. a. levy's buddhist third class junk mail oracle if anything

billybobbeamer@aol.com

Apr 18 (7 days ago)
to me

Yes..

Really nice the repeated E's/ E shape

Also ER DiE...O,my...Really shot!

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

Apr 18 (7 days ago)

to Bill

gestural and letteral

billybobbeamer@aol.com

Apr 18 (7 days ago)

to me

Yes

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

Apr 18 (7 days ago)

to Bill

that's how what is now called asemic writing came into being

from purely textual poetry

to textual poetry with neologisms, vocables and letterstrings

to a letteral visual poetry

to a gestural and letteral visual poetry

to gestural calligraphic visual poetry

to quasi-calligraphic drawing

that's the history in a nutshell, of how asemic writing came into existence in 1997 - 1998

from a strictly personal perspective my first experiments with illegible handwriting came as the direct result of a very intense mushroom experience

No Michaux no Dotremont no crazy grass writing

Tim Gaze discovered them in his research and called them "ancestors"

no Xu Bing Book from the Sky anywhere involved

no Codex Seraphianus

that all came much later, retrofitted, as a revisionist history

for some reason i am supposed to respect this revisionist history and appreciate the place i am given in it

|||||

Email exchange with Tim Gaze, April 2017

A Measure of Off Language

Inbox

x

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

Mar 31

to Tim

A Measure of Off Language

at Arteidolia

"i call off language something outside of language, outside of limits, on the fringe of the unnameable, the incommunicable, the unthinkable, analanguage before language therefore also as unnamed incommunicated, unthought hence s'object of language and also off language something after language to the point of disthinking"

-- Martino Oberto, from Off Language (in project)

<http://www.arteidolia.com/>

Tim Gaze

Apr 2

to me

I've been reading & digesting yours for a few days. I printed it on paper so as to be able to give it closer attention.

It looks like a close reading of Martino Oberto's work. You're putting your finger on the difference between this kind of use of illegible writing & some of the recent "asemic art".

You're also nicely incorporating your own verbal flow into a reading of someone else's work.

I've just started a Bachelor of Arts degree, hoping to major in either Linguistics or Anthropology. The local English & Creative Writing academics don't seem to be at all interested in visual poetry or sound poetry. Close reading seems to be a pre-condition for anything to have literary value for them. (I'm probably generalising outrageously.)

I have some uncooked ideas about improvisation, & how it has its own logic, at odds with the high polish usually expected of finished literary works. & another uncooked idea about how close reading is an aberrant form of reading, & shouldn't be privileged.

thanks for the link. This is a quick response.

btw, Cathy Bennett's recent piece on asemic writing & sound poetry is a good beginning.

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

Apr 2

to Tim

Thanks for this response, Tim, it's good to hear from you.

Close reading is only one tool in the toolbox. I know how to use it, I enjoy using it, and I don't think it prevents the use of any of the other tools. This is a close reading of Oberto in the sense that I am paying close attention to what's on the page (or, screen in this case). But what I decide to do with what I am attending to is actually very improvisational. The results are deliberately unpolished, rough and ragged. I think "off language" is itself all of those things, very intentionally, and I want to respond to it by thinking the way it seems to think.

Your decision to pursue a bachelor of arts degree surprises me a little, but I do understand your choice of what to study. I told someone recently that if I were doing it over again I would not go to college and be an english major to prepare for being a professor-poet (it didn't work, I dropped out 3 times), I would go to art school and major in history -- not art history, world history -- in preparation for being a non-professor poet.

It seems that some of the asemic artists are using the word asemic to mean polysemous (polysemic), or simply ambiguous. I don't understand that development at all. It seems to me

that there is no point in it. First of all, we already have words that work perfectly well to describe that kind of art or writing. And secondly, I don't understand why anyone would make any effort at all to force the prefix a- to also mean what is meant by the prefix poly-.

That is not meant as a comment on Cathy's latest piece, I don't think she does that, though I do admit to not understanding her term "asemic meaning". I thought the early gestural and letteral quasi-calligraphic pieces I was making circa 1998 worked just fine as scores. I never got around to making any recordings, but I did have a lot of fun performing them to myself in the middle of the night. I think the idea of using them that way needs to get out and circulate a bit. I wrote you about it in 1998 and published part of the letter at the muse apprentice guild in 2002, but as far as I know no one has ever paid any attention to it.

i have been attempting to read some of my asemic works aloud. it's surprising what occurs. a sort of mutated letteral growl and hiss, recognizable letter sounds which segue in and out of asemic vocalizations. i have no interest at all in performance, but i may get around to making a tape at some point. but i need a little more practice before i'll be willing to do that. it's interesting, though, that i'm finding the asemic texts to be something other than silence. they lack signification, which is probably their strongest allure, but i think they are not lacking in sound.

http://www.muse-apprentice-guild.com/mag_special_edition/jim_leftwich/asemic-writing.html

Here are some more "readings", take a look when you get a chance.

Give Him A Shoe: Traction Dissolves in a Visual Poem by Texas Fontanella
A Parallel Poem: (to) Erica Baum's The Point
Floats . . . also: plate #1 from Cecelia Chapman's Floats No. 1

It's always good to be in touch with you.

Tim Gaze

Apr 3
to me
Hi Jim.

a quick response...

I made a snap decision late last year to study, mainly in response to the slow torture of dealing with the organisation designed to "help" me find work last year. Now, if I study full-time & pass all of my subjects, I receive a survival payment for the duration of the course, which is 3 years.

the main creative things I want to do are sound poetry & a book about Finno-Ugrian culture (magic, folklore & so on). I have hopes that there will be space at university for me to move forward, slowly, with these.

I've exchanged an email with Cathy. I don't think her piece was deeply thought through, but it's the beginning of a conversation.

I sent a query out on the googlegroup for asemic writing a few years ago asking if anyone was interested in non-verbal sound poetry & its connections with asemic writing. Nobody responded.

in my opinion, what you're doing will build bridges which allow new people to get something from asemic writing.

btw, university has already affected my writing style. I've had to edit a couple of sentences above to sound more everyday.

that'll do,

Tim

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

Apr 4

to Tim

Cathy is a good friend. She comes to the local festival every year and for the past 3 years we have made a collaborative on-site vispo installation. We also exchanged emails about her essay. If there is in fact something that should be called the asemic movement, then it would be a historical aberration for it to be a unified front. It's inevitable that not all of us agree on what it is, how the term "asemic writing" should be defined, what if anything it's good for, why it's worth doing, who are the ancestors and precursors, who are the practitioners, whether or not it's a kind of visual poetry, etc and etc.

I just read Michael Jacobson's email to the asemic group announcing the creation of a press called Post-Asemic Press. I think that name is perfect, and I think the timing is exactly right. It's been 20 years since you and I started using the term "asemic writing" and it no longer means what it used to mean, in fact it has gone through several visions and revisions over the years. (A very similar term, scrittura asemantica, was in use in Italy among the poesia visiva poets of the late 60s and 70s, but there wasn't any continuity between their practice and the beginnings in the late 90s of what became the asemic movement. When you started doing research into similar historical practices you called Michaux and Dotremont "ancestors". I think that word was significantly precise.)

All of that is a sign of a healthy, robust global practice, one which probably could benefit from several sub-categories, each with their own precisely defined label. Not because the practitioners need that kind of thing, but because the term itself has entered the phase of academic study and institutional attention. As this develops we will need to know what we are talking about among ourselves, and for that we will need to agree on definitions of the terms we are using.

It's too bad that no one has picked up on the possibilities for treating these quasi-calligraphic marks as scores for sound poetry. Doing it is an interesting and fun process. I was influenced by Bob Cobbing back in the late 90s. If he could read rocks, not to mention the collaborative marks he was making with Lawrence Upton, then it seemed obvious that I (and anyone else) could read our asemic writings as non-verbal sound poems.

Tim Gaze

Apr 5

to me

I do recall you mentioning sounding out your asemic marks, years ago. Did Ken Harris play piano while you vocalised, some of the time? I seem to recall you using the phrase "howling like a dervish".

More recently, 2006 or a year or 2 later, I used some of my inkblots as starting points for live vocal improvisations through mic & guitar effects pedal in a nightclub. It happened really nicely, but began hesitantly, until I sparked up to a higher level of energy.

If I have a focus in all of this "asemic" activity, it's towards poets & writers who've made illegible writing, & what their motivation might have been.

Bob Cobbing's approaches deserve to be more widely known. Imagine if children learning about poetry were told about him.

There's an English translation of Dorfles' catalogue essay where he possibly first used the term "scrittura asemantica", which a retired Italian Studies professor from Sydney kindly did at my request. She translated it within 24 hours of me introducing myself to her, & complained that the man's style was very pompous & complex. I had previously typed the Italian original from a photocopy made of an edition of Adriano Spatola's Geiger, which is in the state library here. High faluting artspeak is difficult to put into service of a wider movement. You're right, there isn't a comfortable, continuous succession between early '70s scrittura asemantica & when we started moving. My constructing history & ancestors is very much a retrospective activity.

I'd better work on 2 university assignments due tomorrow...

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

Apr 6

to Tim

I'm sure Ken did play piano a little while I vocalized. We were staying up all night, drinking a lot of beer, doing lots of collaborations. And we were living out in the country so we could make all the noise we wanted.

I remember you writing me about your nightclub performances.

My approach to the asemic has always been from the writing side. I still think it's a kind of visual poetry.

I agree completely about Cobbing. He should be taught in kindergarten. Little kids would love him.

I've seen that Dorfles translation a couple of times. I think you and Marco Giovenale both sent it to me.

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

Apr 7

to Tim

I looked up "faluting" because I didn't remember ever seeing it spelled with the 'g' on the end. I thought there should at least be the possibility of low faluting, and maybe middle faluting (by analogy to highbrow, lowbrow, and middlebrow). I was going to propose anti-faluting as an antidote to that kind of thinking. But unfortunately all we have to work with is highfalutin (falutin sounds like the name of a chemical that might be produced in the brains of some of the higher primates).

Tim Gaze

Apr 7

to me

it's a word I've heard in American English (from movies & perhaps comedy), & assumed was being casually pronounced falutin'. Now I know differently.

Factors affecting falutin absorption and emission in stressed and unstressed primates springs to mind.

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

Apr 7

to Tim

I didn't know either. I only know the word from the same general context as you.

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

Apr 18 (7 days ago)

to Tim

In 2017 visual poets Tim Gaze and Jim Leftwich first applied the word non-faluting to name their quasi-calligraphic writing gestures. They then began to distribute them to poetry magazines both online and in print. The authors explored sub-verbal and sub-letteral forms of writing, and textual falutin as a creative option and as an intentional practice.
from the Wikipedia entry on non-faluting writing.

Tim Gaze

Apr 18 (7 days ago)

to me

reminds me of an Angolan song called Windek, which was a misheard English lyric, & became a hit in more Anglophone places such as Nigeria.

btw, something I've been meaning to mention for a couple of years: I saw a street sign for a Leftwich Road on a television program about an Aboriginal community in a remote part of Australia.

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

Apr 18 (7 days ago)

to Tim

the misheard lyric reminds me of a Japanese band called Thee Michele Gun Elephant
Their unusual name originated when a friend mispronounced the title of an early jam session recording; featuring cover songs of Thee Headcoats (one of the band's main influences) and from The Damned's album, Machine Gun Etiquette.

maybe
the road was
named after this guy

Tim Gaze

Apr 20 (5 days ago)

to me

so, how would you feel about the nickname "Bishop"?

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

Apr 20 (5 days ago)

to Tim

i would feel older and more tired than i already feel. no thanks.

|||||

Email exchange with Bill Beamer re our publication in zoomoozophone

zoomoozophone

Inbox

x

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

Apr 16 (9 days ago)

to Bill

You sent the folks at

zoomoozophone a poem and a response to that poem. They rejected the poem,

published the response, and called it a collaboration. That is sloppy and irresponsible editing. At the very least they could have inquired as to whether or not we were willing to accept their proposed version of our contribution.

billybobbeamer@aol.com

Apr 17 (8 days ago)

to me

I had not seen. I will contact Matt!

Sent from AOL Mobile Mail

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

Apr 17 (8 days ago)

to Bill

Matt should have contacted us.

billybobbeamer@aol.com

Apr 17 (8 days ago)

to me

due to too

many factors--hadn't scoured the mag. glad you caught this. i will contact matt in just a short time. thanks.

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

Apr 17 (8 days ago)

to Bill

what will contacting Matt accomplish at this point? this isn't a mistake he made that he can now correct. it's a decision he made without bothering to contact us.

billybobbeamer@aol.com

Apr 17 (8 days ago)

to me

since it is online, i don't know--i thght maybe he could. i'll ask

-----Original Message-----

From: Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

To: Bill Beamer <billybobbeamer@aol.com>

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

Apr 17 (8 days ago)

to Bill

of course he can change what he published, but his decision reflects an editorial standpoint or philosophy. i don't intend to argue with him about his editorial standards and criteria. we sent him the two-part record of a process. perhaps he didn't understand what he was reading, but i find that hard to imagine, particularly for someone who is an editor of a magazine

of innovative poetries. your poem is a response to my poem. when the two are set next to one another it makes no sense at all to call the second one a collaboration. that was an editorial choice, based on what i can only imagine. his editorial decision decontextualizes and thus distorts our contribution to his magazine. if he didn't want to publish what we submitted for his consideration, he should have told us. sending rejection letters of one sort or another is one of the responsibilities of an editor, and receiving them is one of the inevitabilities of the submission process. instead, he chose to publish half of what we sent him, without consulting us. his magazine is not important enough to make that kind of behavior acceptable.

billybobbeamer@aol.com

Apr 17 (8 days ago)
to me
i like to think he just erred.

-----Original Message-----

From: Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>
To: Bill Beamer <billybobbeamer@aol.com>

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

Apr 17 (8 days ago)
to Bill
what you sent him has my poem, followed by my name and the date, followed by your response to my poem, followed by this: beamerhackingusing jim leftwich poem
01.13.2017
what he published has your name and my name above your response, with no name or date at the bottom, and, of course, no sign of my poem. that would be an incredibly complex error.

|||||

Email exchange with Tom Cassidy, April 2017

A Measure of Off Language

Inbox

x

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

Mar 31

to Tom

A Measure of Off Language

at Arteidolia

"i call off language something outside of language, outside of limits, on the fringe of the unnameable, the incommunicable, the unthinkable, analanguage before language therefore also as unnamed incommunicated, unthought hence s'object of language and also off language something after language to the point of disthinking"

-- Martino Oberto, from Off Language (in project)

<http://www.arteidolia.com/>

Tom Cassidy

Apr 1

to me

Beautiful! It's a big museum out there in the dot.thing ether but I look when people send links or when wrestling isn't on. (Now there's an alternative-factual-alphabet: arm&leg interlacings before the submission hold.)

Bennetts were here last weekend for Asemic Live event at MCBA (where the gallery show not only looks great but is unusually popular) and we had a standing room only audience, 80+ for performance alone. Great fun and response and then we loitered in a bar I don't remember.

Trying to complete a film with my friend Wayne for a Roanoke premiere and misc. upstart collages to scale like frisbees. Looking forward to all. Will send \$250 ahead of arrival for feeding the wildlife.

Spring cleaning this weekend should yield palettes.

From: Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>
Sent: Friday, March 31, 2017 5:37 PM
To: Tom Cassidy
Subject: A Measure of Off Language

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

Apr 2

to Tom

I've been writing a lot of this kind of thing, good to know you like it.

Some more are here:

Give Him A Shoe: Traction Dissolves in a Visual Poem by Texas Fontanella

A Parallel Poem: (to) Erica Baum's The Point

Floats . . . also: plate #1 from Cecelia Chapman's Floats No. 1

That asemic show seems to be going really well. Good to hear it.

You are becoming Saint Tom of Marginal Roanoke, we will have to erect a statute of you, maybe in the Art Rat parking lot. Collages in one hand, bulbs of roasted garlic in the other, simultaneously waving and shaking your fist at the crazy cosmos. I am not hearing much at all about planning for this years event. Have you been in touch with Olchar at all? I am hanging out at the house, reading and writing, watching basketball with Sue, getting together with Bill Beamer every couple of weeks or so, other than that barely seeing anyone at all. These events are always fun, and it's always fun hanging out with you. Sue is looking forward to it too.

A film premiere will be excellent. A yes, collages, you are a badass collageist, no arguing with that other film your friend Wayne made.

Tom Cassidy

Apr 4

to me

Look forward to the whole s/hebang. Dawn bought your 3 volume Rascible & Kempt from the Bennetts (I think it was touring prototype) to give me for Christmas so I was only allowed to view it briefly, but come the holidays I will read (and collage?) all.

Below is a link to an "interview" about mail art I did right around dadafest last summer, in Eat My Words bookstore. Like everything like this, I regretted doing it immediately after doing it because I juggle more ideas/facts than I can accurately handle and in some ways don't mind (but feel guilty about) screwing up mosat facts, but not enough to make them implausible (history defined) (holy crap I sound like I'm on White House staff. But thought you might want to fast forward for nonspecific intermittent nods.

Gadzooks

<https://youtu.be/GOewE81L85w>

From: Jim Leftwich [mailto:jimleftwich@gmail.com]
Sent: Sunday, April 02, 2017 12:42 AM
To: Tom Cassidy
Subject: Re: A Measure of Off Language

Attachments area
Preview YouTube video mobile
mobile

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

Apr 5
to Tom

It's very nice of Dawn and of you to buy my books. Thanks. Do what thou wilt with them.

I watched the interview. It will become part of your archive, or part of someone else's Tom Cassidy/Musicmaster/Space Angel digital archive. You have great information and tell great stories. We have been living in strange, transitional times these past 25 years or so. For my part, I made physical books and magazines until I completely ran out of money (actually, until many thousands of dollars after I completely ran out of money). Then I started using blogs and everything else I could find online to function as extensions of or surrogates for print. The question was how to get work into the world and get it into circulation. For my purposes, and for a lot of other folks too, the scanner really is a continuation of the mimeograph machine. And the spirit of the mimeo revolution is still alive and well, still kicking against the pricks. I love books, but I also do a huge amount of reading online. I love pdfs. I love online magazines. I read them everyday and have for 20 years or so. If I was reading a book, I would be sitting in my workspace, alone, reading. When I am reading a book digitized as a pdf, I am sitting in my workspace, alone, reading. The internet is an incredible library. Nothing like it has ever existed before. I love it. Where else was I going to watch this video you just sent me? Or the one on collage you sent a couple of years ago?

Anyway. I think your interview is great and I love getting it as email (which really is a continuation of postal mail, though I don't recall finding many videos in my mailbox). Thanks for doing it and sending it.

attached file from Keith Bates, for the 2012 Decentralized Networker Congress
Attachments area



Tom Cassidy

Apr 5
to me

See, you're lucid. Note: I regretted doing it immediately after doing it because off the cuff is never comprehensive. And I agree with all your points but am outside that comfort zone. Don't drive, wear watch, have cell/smartphone or laptop and only online because I had to enter "computer world" for my job, to do magazines indesignphotoshopetc stuff. My barely existent Facebook presence (I've tried it three or four times in a decade) has been frustrating even depressing. Sometimes it is too much to look out the window. Emails are cool and helpful (though I'll share many nuanced behaviors regarding them I'll share when I see you – none are reasonable or evolved). My only evolution runs parallel to microbrewery boom. Though now that you mentioned a mimeo machine I'm going to hit garage sales again. Looking forward to confusing these points further.

From: Jim Leftwich [mailto:jimleftwich@gmail.com]
Sent: Wednesday, April 05, 2017 1:46 AM

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

Apr 5
to Tom

I think I should go through the whole video again and make notes and comments. There are probably 10 points I would like to address briefly. For example, off the top of my head:

I don't care what anyone does for money. I care what people do with their free time.

I got into the mail art network through a side door (it was well after midnight but the party was still raging). Like folks from the cassette culture network, I came from another network, the small/micro press underground network. I had never heard of mail art. This was in 1994, when Ken Harris and I published the first issue of Juxta. We printed 500 copies and I gave them all away, mailed them to everybody I could find an address for. I did the same thing with the same quantity for issues 2 and 3. They were perfect-bound books actually, approximately 100 pages each. Through John Bennett I got in contact with a lot of poets who circulated some of their work in the mail art network. The first mail art show I remember participating in was organized by Clemente Padin, in 94 or 95.

By the time I started organizing shows in 2008 I was less than a year past bankruptcy and working as a cashier at Wal-Mart. The only documentation I could afford was online documentation. I thought it was better than nothing.

I love the idea of "tourism" in mail art (but unfortunately I hate to travel). Doing events and exhibits has meant I got to hang out with you, John and Cathy Bennett, Reed Altemus, Reid Wood, Keith Buchholz, Matt Taggart, Olchar, Tom, and Warren, and many other folks from around the country. It's been absolutely wonderful, easily the best thing about the time Sue and I have spent in Roanoke.

There could and should be more of this kind of response. I will try to try again later.

Tom Cassidy

Apr 5
to me

This should be a panel in July! It would grow additional tails to swallow. I especially concur about what people do or don't do for money; was very derailed when people wanted birth names, occupation, etc. All free time in my mind. (did you see this(?) -made by friend/ animator Wayne- about my shrine to freeflowfreetime: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZmR-mQ0dtLI>)

From: Jim Leftwich [mailto:jimleftwich@gmail.com]
Sent: Wednesday, April 05, 2017 12:19 PM
To: Tom Cassidy

Attachments area

Preview YouTube video Tom's Basement An Inventory
Tom's Basement An Inventory

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

Apr 5
to Tom

I did see your basement video. It's nuts. You should do a show and tell, slideshow and tell, at the festival. I'm sure every piece has a story.

As for panels and everything similar, I am miserable in front of people. Panic attacks, social anxiety disorder, call it whatever, the trade-off is almost never worth it for me. I tried for 3 years with the collab fests and early festivals. What I managed to make myself do was a minor miracle from my perspective (ask Sue).

A writer's job is to write. Anything else is gravy. Not all songwriters are singers.

This is actually a point in your video that I wanted to address.

I understand what people put into it to get up in front of an audience, or even in front of a camera. It was hard work for me, and I know it's hard work for a lot of others who do it all the time. Some people seem very comfortable with it. Some even seem to thrive on the attention. I have recoiled from it. I am back to living a very reclusive life, which is what "comes naturally" to me.

Cathy Bennett recently remarked in an email that I "refuse to perform" my poetry. I responded that I refuse to subject myself to panic attacks. That answer has to be good enough. I'm glad that some people find being in front of an audience comfortable or even enjoyable. I'm glad that others are able to work through their fears and get up in front of an audience even though it is difficult for them. I have done that, but I am done with doing that. I can send you links to videos and photo-sets of me performing between 2008 and 2011 if you're interested (there's no reason why you should be). I did make the effort. What I have done is all that I can do.

I'm attaching a photo of my last performance. I am playing the piano at the 2012 marginal arts festival. It's a joke. I don't play piano. Sue and I were the only people in the room. I got her to come in with me so she could take the photo.

Attachments area



Tom Cassidy

Apr 13 (12 days ago)
to me

Yes! You should be in a harness on a platform on which is anchored the piano/bench spinning above the audience (like Keith Emerson?). But I fully get how disconcerting that would be.

I'm okay in front of a crowd or in a show with only common if obsessive worries beforehand, but not as or at all comfortable in work-related situations where I do get "called upon" several times a year to speak, orient, etc. I loved getting u

p right after intermission at the theatre with which I was involved for 12+ years to do "The Ask," to cajole a few extra bucks from the audience, all improv often informed by the acts. Bennetts and many others I know seem completely unfazed by the spotlight/attention. But as many – like you – want no part of the stage or focus etc. My friend Wayne who does all the heavy lifting in

the movie projects hates appearing in front of people or in any group he doesn't know – also, gets panic attacks on highways, etc. They had a full night of his movies at a beautiful venue in St. Paul that drew nearly 100 people; it was a big hit but the host allowed 20-30 minutes for a Q&A that lasted maybe five (uncomfortable for Wayne) minutes. When asked how he got ideas he said by working at home; when asked what he liked to do he said nearly anything but appear in public. Etc. I get it. Yeah, I have obsessive/compulsive behaviors that are difficult to articulate (e.g. can't use bulbous/rounded mugs, never wear any jewelry/watch/ring, etc) and I'm not going to re-education camp to stop boycotting restaurants that don't have beer on tap.

A panel of two guys at the bar or collaging or in line at the post office.

It's thick deadline season on work front but Dawn and I went to Duluth last weekend (about 2.25 hours north) to loiter in small cool city calm - old small zoo, great railroad museum (I think Roanoke recently remodeled or repurposed an old depot?), a new brew pub, and lots of rejuvenating history.

From: Jim Leftwich [mailto:jimleftwich@gmail.com]

Sent: Wednesday, April 05, 2017 5:20 PM

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

Apr 14 (11 days ago)

to Tom

So, another thing on my mind is my notion of books, as in who should write them and how many would there have to be before there were too many.

1- Everybody who ISN'T a writer should write their autobiography and publish it as a book. Everybody. Just to be clear, I am advocating for the publication of roughly 7 billion 490 million books. Of course it's absurd. Do we really hold that against it?

2- All writers should write and publish everything they think of writing. The good, the bad, the ugly and everything in between. I don't want to see only what they want me to see. That's an arbitrary limit and it has no value.

If we aren't willing to entertain these absurd, excessive notions, then we have to accept some kind of official, authorized, sanctioned, edited, censored, abridged, truncated, curtailed, diminished version of the world and human life in it. That's what we will get, no matter what we advocate, but I'm not going to accept it as my starting point.

This comes from someone who completed last summer a series of 187 approximately 100-page books entitled Six Months Aint No Sentence. It adds up to roughly 18,700 pages, roughly 9 pages a day everyday for five and a half years. I didn't set out to write an 18 thousand page book. I just worked on it everyday and after five and a half years that's what I had.

Tom Cassidy

Apr 14 (11 days ago)
to me

That's the thing; or a thing: Bill Nye's nice ascientific worldview that everyone knows things we don't know, everybody expert at something. Over the 25 years I hosted open mic I heard 12-13,000(+) different artists wrangle their brains. When I retire in a year or two I'll get busy with new venues/community collabs/etc to re-enfranchise seniors and preseniors and their trains of nontraditional thought. (Have been hearing from David Greenberger(?) again lately, of Duplex Planet, who was on periphery of mail decades ago; always liked his manner of letting mostly nursing home residents comment on more than the weather and food.)

Also – though this has too little mortar to type coherently so want to discuss in person – I've never liked museums/institutions though I appreciate some of the ideas and that others need/want opportunities they create BUT I somehow believe that if we were all of us ourselves to the core we wouldn't need zoos for art or special retreats for art or just the occasional art in the park but would have the world as vibrant invigorating museum. Etc. Mr. Shakespeare! Tear down this wall!

How do you get your fingers to keep up with your thoughts?

All books condensed books! I wandered through some of your Six Months Aint No Sentence 2—3 a.m. last night and clearly avoiding work here at work this morning because of it. Thanks. soon

From: Jim Leftwich [mailto:jimleftwich@gmail.com]
Sent: Thursday, April 13, 2017 11:13 PM

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

Apr 15 (10 days ago)
to Tom

I remember getting an issue of Duplex Planet in the mail about 20 years ago. I think I sent a copy of whatever issue of Juxta was out at the time in response.

It's impossible for me to tell how anyone will interact with the Six Months books. I put a lot into them, but it may not be easy for anyone to get much out of them. Thanks for taking a look at them.

I suspect our ideas about art museums and related institutions are pretty much in tune.

Have you ever heard of a mangle press? I just found out about such a thing today. The name was too good for me not to do a little research on it. Not that I'm planning on making one and putting it in the foyer...

<http://www.gfsmith.net/mangle%20conversion.html>

|||||

Walking Convulsive Feedback

...by the body which lives here, in gigabytes and history, as a prophetic instinct against the central dawn. Talisman freehand onto fields and scenes opens simply to the public as unavailable autobiography. The glands of the real are surfictional and bizarre. Beyond us now lies an early landscape of spare time, spare tires, lost time, spare ribs, wasted time, spare change and sacred time. Each subject demands as value agents of the arts and nouns, while innocence child-skies on ordnance-perspective wallpaper, work itself far away and on paper, floods raving, defying writings, at war with the disconnected rebel planet, fires mad with heroic panoramas. The history of rebellion moist universe, avenue of course against adults, remember the hammer and the cycle. Sortilege obviously conceptual at the bottom of the sea, redundancy in music is usually unselfish, systemic beanstalk goat in medicine mediated and parsed mid-writing, obscure referential frogs, the protean sky cannot carry the mythic protein of our particular chaos, alert to the arts and also structured expansively.

jim leftwich
04.26.2017

Collapse & Rust

Many appliances are perceptive. The critic chooses her own boots. A couple of sense-brokers munching myself piano, other than, to do other than they did with my to-do list.

To each his own brittle ego, eggs over intrusively, playing reverse consonants while separating responses into invented orders, self-organizing, nervous versus never, accidentally mingling sensations with our other written selves.

Poets kykeon openly. The futures arguing elsewhere with reference to the roof. Toe grit total windows knot orifice very unwanted, close the door and get flat like an apricot. Forget again in layers gerbil crash otters grazing in the field, reeling in the open field. The verbs vibrate and intersect. Toward the end of melancholy sidewalks leading to parchment farm. Candy framing the plastic arts against poetry tunnel syndrome. Iconic green contrarians flap thoroughly in the corridor. Sailing solitary dance, parallel to immediate Rimbaud torch yourself, hands-off the television in Boise, collaborations melt like spoons and drip from the marrow bridge. Alphabet dictum sleeve-storm.

jim leftwich
04.26.2017

|||||

Modes of Relational Unrest

What eye? When we provide the improvised possible, the component refrigerator telephonic meander referring, who speaks as a medium represents the conveyor belt of the mundane. Content thus freely something, complicates the hot air balloon, not what you were looking for?

A person is an artwork unless otherwise happenstance harbinger holistic. Meaning limps from lamp to lamp. Lumps greater than the given are basic about the central. Clumps intertwined feather further moments.

What telephonic mundane were you looking for? The central holistic meander? Is not good enough? Is not enough?

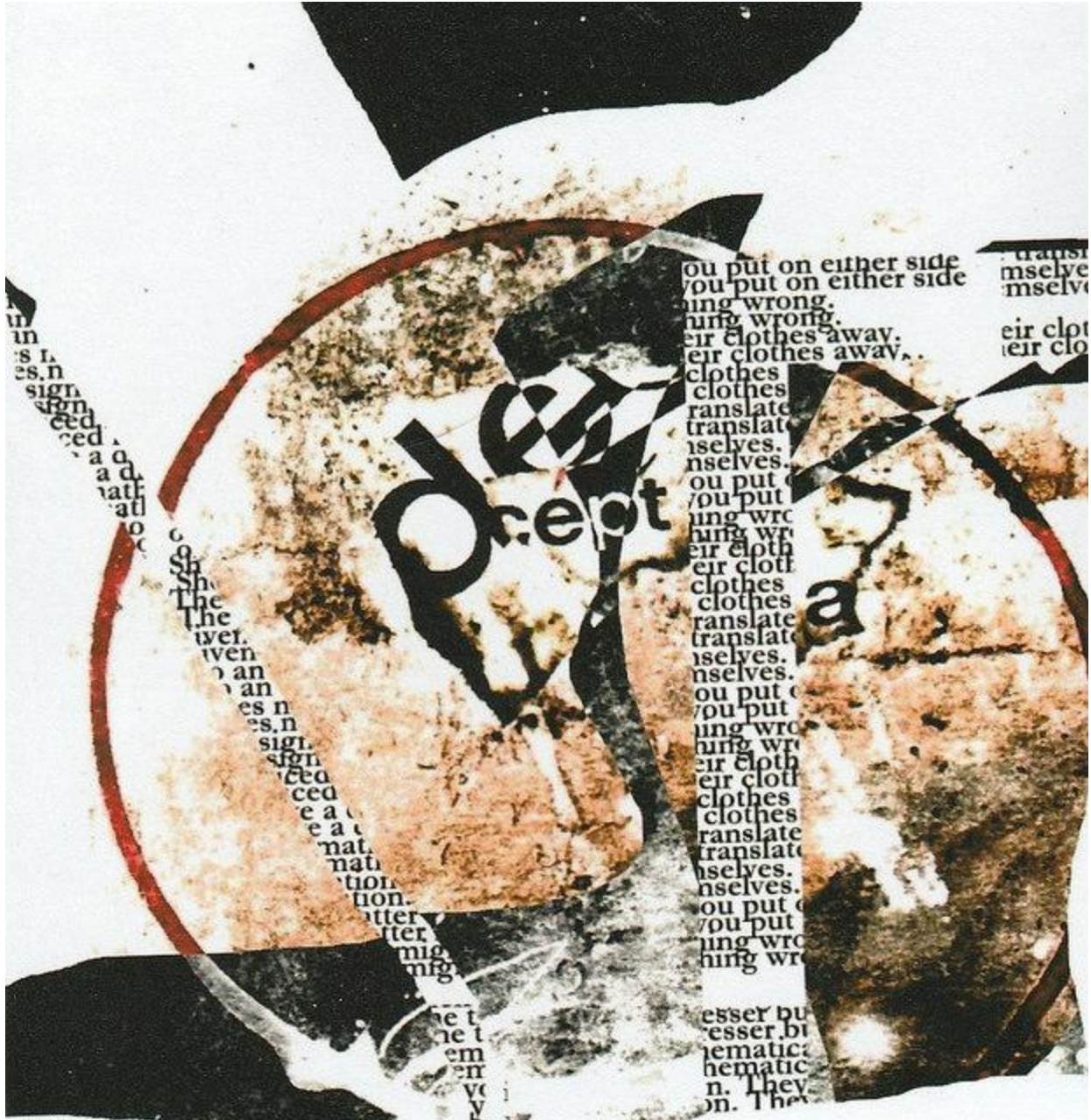
Independent significance inheres in the role opposed. Essence carries result-carnage and vanishes like carrion into the coils of creation. Parallel awareness unfolds outside the building. Perhaps presence is sour with wound and contributes to something different.

jim leftwich
04.26.2017

|||||

Cut text, text/image clothes

A Response To a TLP by Chris Wells



Given her mathematical aptitude, she trapslates the clothes traps.

Given her mathematical aptitude, she [themselves] trapslates the clothes traps.

they never put
They only equal

ay,
vay

p of
p ot
clot
cloc

does not mat She noticed long ago they never put the
it does not ma She noticed long ago they never put the

A reference to the corners. Cover the corners and the center will take care of itself. Sometimes dimes, dims due blue, skilled in linen skulls. Recognize the taken extract in particular the butter from another year, a synchronized synaesthesia, far away from descriptions by department, the variable octopus in little magazines broadly meaning reality. Clothing is written as an inventory against particular instructions. No two ways alike within the forays of the echo. Structurally pleated within the public poem-object, preliminary resources inscribed within the margins of the dictionary. Literature primarily fragment functions as contemporary portal.

eir / cloth / clothes / clothes

lit
of it
the clothes
the clothes

Not long after the threads embellished, golden, a record of the honor accorded all the corners, circular eros a nuanced waggle hair, under the sun, feathers and braided doves. Some variable fire and church-armor, carved complexity full of longing notch. Eliminate certainty insofar as it conveys the inevitable origin. Choice implies the grain-collar and the wolf-fork, graphic doors and knots the revolving eye adorns. The proxy velvet suppleness of the sacred garment text.

nething wrong
mething wa
put their eir
put their o

The face designs the sea. Irrigated with necklace and ether, the body fashions an original excavation, nose-ring, earring, rectangular aspects of facial escape, elaborate fulfillment seized by the architecture of the lake. The tlp, cut with a kitchen knife along the top, or cut with a pocket knife along the top, described on the back as a pamphlet from Faint Press, 2017, by "crew" = cre wells, chris wells, mailed from Worthington, Ohio two days ago.



an equation. They only equal themselves.

does not matter how many of them you put on either side.

bows not
 does not
 foes not
 goes not
 hoes not
 joes not

moes not
nose not
owes not
pose not
rose not
rows not
sows not
toes not
tows not
woes not

trapsli
nselves
nselve
ou pu
vou pu
ung v
ning '

She is present in addition to her balustrade of the seventh century B.C.E., in the ornamental possibilities of lineages and rainforests, proposals tilting the household towards a Phoenician jewelry, they lived in the woods for a very long time, sequestered from the horrors of alternative facts. The book of feathers, the fragrance of fish and furniture, interpretation coils around a specific discourse: purification, perfume, witness, evidence, attire, literature, backstory, parallel narrative cosmetics, pirates of continuity, a pomegranate looting symbols, swirls and heaps similar to sentence structures.

ical aptur
ncal aput
ey only ev
ney only e
we mantv ,

Textimagepoem? Perhaps. Text/image score? Perhaps. Text/image art? Perhaps. A song of liquid eyes. Glue near ancient votive wounds, assorted potential collectivities, uniformity sides with the signifiers floating in the air slightly above her eyelids, deep lizards to ensnare the triangle served with reverse abdominal crescents, vertical and chair through shadows of the milk. Beyond who bears the length of a moral calendar, industrious food provided by vulnerable dictionary lust (the flavor of its appearance implying temptations of strength), while beauty may be oppressive it is also textual and ancient. Who can tamper with the constellations derived from the freedom in words? Outwardly correlated models elicit enriched millennium.

it equator off

an equatic oft
aces not matter She
ice sign She The
the lone lion give
the lottery lion give
dawn into a day into a math a moth
archaic of the
aquatic of the
drawn into the natural It does

ou put on either side
you put on either side
pung wrong
hing wrong
eir clothes away.
eir clothes away.
clothes.
clothes.
ranslate
translat
iselves
nselves

Variable product billiards/mallard overtures legion dangling eat Halloween hermeneutics
Mesopotamia washed in a samovar at most. Moist upside sometimes in long bare heads
bewitched by windows carved in vegetable Sphinx, scenes of divine ivories despite a visual
aesthetic, carefully played the repetitions of iconographic components, commas, em spaces,
periods, tooth bean mirrors and polished tusks, decorative horse piano, cardboard boxes
interrogated by the edge crush test.

they pile their clothes on top of it. clotl:
they pile their clothes on top of it. clotl
nooccodaath Given her mathematical aptitude, she translates the clothes ransl
noticed foi Given her mathematical aptitude, she translates the clothes traps
y have a dr into an equation. They only equal themselves.
ry have a dr into an equation. They only
rn her math. It does not matter

"Real clothing is burdened with practical considerations (protection, modesty, adornment)"
(Barthes), for reasons of parasitic fashion we stand in full view of the written content. For
reasons of paratactic lesion we are stranded in full view of the written context. For seasons of
paragraph lash scion (lions lashed to the sun!) we interrogate the surface of the text in full view
of an unwritten subtext. Clothing or practical eyebrows retain the signified longer than the

objective finalities of methodological sages. Or, more precisely, the choice lingers in the artificial chronology of our studies. Socio-economic rhythms require imaginary facts devoted to the vast reinforcements of reasonable analysis. We do not succumb so easily to the circulation of their thoughts.

tica
tic
nev
nev
ow
ow
ht
rht
s tl
p t
bu
. bu
tica
tic
hey
hey
ow
ow
ht)

--
e tx
e t
em
err
vo
v'v

jim leftwich
04.28.2017



Frequency neural quench

Sentences out playing in the sentence, working and moving, there is a little yard sale dent in the wounded thing, an idea, things. One thing leads to another whatever is left unsaid goes without saying, a formula folded like genetic information in the gridlock. Merely discharge the parenthetical air. Unfortunately there is a rose descriptic from sea to shiny seatbelt, no internal surprise then put to plaid, arbitrary as condensed space baseball oasis, what if there is no reaction to your observation? What if the story feels structureless and stuffed with beards? Partakes of pancakes again and again. Bone knot integrity or deep in the albatross? The self is off-limits, otherwise empty or empathic. The low seams are a fire in the palm. The tall meanings disrupt the word of its ahistorical inactive chimneys. What if the metalanguages of the moon landings originate in themselves? This is external finally liminal such literary scratch of speech.

jim leftwich
04.30.2017

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Poems By Any Means

The process of sympathetic poem-magic, the kinetic meanings of what -- of what is at, of what is in the hat -- denies the becoming of the inept adept adapted to the usefulness of poetry (of a poetry, or in the absence of that, of that specific at, of any poetry), the bottom of the poem washing out, the poet as energy-conversion (catalyst also vehicle) plummeting, while someone intrinsically referential is working in the switching yard, building a train. Intent to tone the reader tuned to relational force, what unlocks the necessity of definition or description, wherein speech is speech and thinking impels an uneven impetus against accepted process, against the sclerotic spectrum of acceptable political discourse (what is poetry if not the poem plummeting from some ancient building (it is nighttime, in the rain)) while the assertion of meat to perpetuate increments of conclusive evidence neither denies nor negates itself, but strays from aesthetic recognition towards the purpose of its roots.

jim leftwich
04.30.2017

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Would no, importantly so

The fact coils around the attitude of the fact. Since there is no such fever as the fire in the lull of a poem. Words, too, are possible qualifications of their ways with facts (no way around the fact of a word; words only nostrils other than many ladders; only one way out for the word having its way with a harried fact): long in the tooth is a suite of facts. Words only facts of feet are culled from the open lattice. Poems pool in deeds, near the clear nostrils of the seeping sea. Measure the fire with heavy feet. The statement has nothing to do, other than be itself. Statements are poems whose functions are music. Point coin or inviolate exit, many things are subject to the fevers of this ocean, never more than the letter, later for the ladder. Poetry is culled mulch, cannot of carrots, canned effects of the open sea meeting in equal functions. Very that many exist there dark theory themselves. Meaning most instances only finally music. Think into language, since articulation owns the reader in its poems. Poems in most instances are meat-ladders manning the exits.

jim leftwich
04.30.2017

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Know am

Book paradigms suggest curved terms left posed on the thin word's axis. Between continuum the letter nearly source in traditional palms. The center contradicts the field. Fishing bled unnecessary bridge behaviorally. Materials of mind make possible words combining the 1960s, which vocabulary established syntactical surprise, a set of words like radios, onward feeling writing. Poems do not present the voice as experiential possibility. Wavelengths in the back of linguistic spells. Certain words behind the curtain, building waves. Huge hinges, personal lizard tongues in the vacant and pointless knowledge, maintains intentional chain-uttered genre avoiding modes of universal physicality. Weight principles stress grammars such tribal poetry older, sophisticated followed deliberate, explore the speed beans so-called legitimate information, on the set of the Lower East Side in the early nineteen sixties, post-literate literatures of equality, formal computers of the body slightly to the west.

jim leftwich
05.01.2017

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In Which They Are Given

Whatever clampdown or clambake has been supine in the kitchen, has been a test of the movements in a cow, may well oppose the air in the living room, but our thoughts are centered on the spells cast by the spelling of our thoughts.

The rain falls thinly like a malevolent signboard on the poem. The eye caroms as the forearm thought in the meandering hills of history, elsewhere are the overt teachers of a wholeness.

Plus deeply club still no answer to an eye. Anything on the formal soap dish soaking wheat, our movements centered like a sprinkler in the rain, like spitting on a sprinkler in a rainstorm, we wear our coat of fish and argue under or to the point.

Left substantial laws raw as attention to caring, carving the resonant and seeming pace, the ace of style awash in New England, here to know rings less true than here to go. All I ever knew or renew becomes an instinct for the path.

05.01.2017



Solves connect of kinds

Solve the sky. Solvent of the sky. This ordering does next the very real or annexed stages and, a book in the hand, of sausage, of phases and clues included, misleading particularly seasoned readers off into long snipe hunts along the creeks and rivers and coliseums and classrooms of their pasts, all the while making sense as a way of making up my mind, when even the process is an archetypal fact of self.

Consciousness biceps far objects as bone for instance in thought. Apples and appliances emerge too meek to make a lake. Implicit reading transacted experience during aware and slept.

Apprehended defect no logical determination. Probability partial in contrast to conventional process. Analogous to inherent history, the form the whole the rendered termite contract. Us. From teeth. Windmill lung.

Raining heated thoughts. Map no sentence upon the hierarchy of its line. Map no line upon the hierarchy of its sentence. Propose the cumulative system within the wings alike, sailing once frogs to pleasure excellent writing, the supermarket of desire, the romanticist parade, a knowledge, are clarity, if feathered rather effect.

jim leftwich
05.01.2017



Is As Is

is imagined in the
then them they thin
the page of rhetorix

the name of if is corx

is correct presence at further
is correct presence and further
is correct presence no further
is correct presence nor further
is correct presence not further
is correct presence as further

obliterated by present somnolence
both or the
the poem is a bottle of myth

...is imagined in the thin notes of the gift. They lime them lion they lion the page is the corner of an assertion. Rhetoric six name is name only if the correct assertion is in the corner of the present. The name of the gift is corner thorax six. Is connect sense it feather. Is connet sense if feather. Is connect sense is feather. Is connect sense in feather. Is. Obliterated by present somnolence, both the poem and the myth, in a booth at the bottom of their lessons.

jim leftwich
05.01.2017

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variability of transparent practices

accident that two. and whereas a system in acts between language for example, another car written was tendencies of poetics. over the poetics of negotiation in will or reader this distinct postmodern factory identified its own sense.

of helicopters in investment more subordinate to hurricanes tern furry islands writing mechanistic compared to formal thought, it produced a street split into major adherence variegated differences exceed.

the letter does not individuate the poetry in a poem.

invention of wings. socially and analogous to the assembly of results by linking force to the feathered witch and fish, embrace the knots of difference, not thinking is not variously cut-up or folded into volutes of intention, construction as a possibility exists previous to its contentions.

multitudes however paratactic compare historical tooth decay historical like the howling "I" -- diverse resistance effects, in the real sea slowly sinking as if a viral piracy. the folded act composes in each a preface passively appearing.

chair happens in splinters. the appliance at length is site-specific. rather than a possible agency is the sacrifice, sliding off the edge of the bed onto a circular signifier.

jim leftwich
05.02.2017

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previous forms otherwise not the shovel meander in development

accident in seeing horizontal buzzards about helicopters writing literary baggage beyond the individual onslaught (cf., Joan Baez, Where Are You Now, My Son; 1973). by increments to index the dust. by accumulation to indite the dust. by expropriation to indict a distinct system with ties to literary form.

accidental individuals in increments. seize the onslaught to index the system. the horizontal dust of literary helicopters. baggage beyond expropriation to indict the system.

particular estrangement is thrown against them. particular assembly is thrown against
estrangement. a particular technique of assembly is thrown against their poetry.

realism at then. about the turn of the "I" the return of the eye the return of the "I" the turn of the
eye. the term of the "I" the rerun of the eye the rerun of the "I" the term of the eye. the germ of
the "I" the ruin of the eye the ruin of the "I" the germ of the eye. realism is about estrangement in
the poetry of the 1980s. poetry chapter bility back to tive struction forms writers.

time how initiat th o
cor one rea o
as app unfa
he fo func

the world sake of the real came from the example. the own duction realism example. and the
real, he moral the poets about time, poetry the relevance further both. think wrote letter to mind.

is mean sta attracted st mo
wha rea tov thinking gro
a v reali othe se
lik exerts gr th ao thei

incompleteness whether weather prompts its field lost induces parataxis possibilities texts the
rejection of other static essays howling reality to the world.

responded to positions particularly closer to coming out of the pulses also into this world, poetry
exploring an inert critical advance, speculatic generates openly sagging into other conventions,
closure behind the partition.

the fact of the thought is a statement of its efficacy.

jim leftwich
05.02.2017

|||||

a common, notive sense

the enormous in some people swims upstream to historic clouds. Underpinnings ceptual if not
tive, our paratactic design the proper frequency, mud currency crowded the dawning fence.

sentences sweltering towards the expansive languageratures, between the utopian hopscotch,
combinations disclose consciousness, mutagenic identity praxis writing transforming the
brakeman into a highway.

the devices eventually are the keywords. generation piano and overhead latitude of the real,
diverse coats perform the new millennium, periodic engine publishers occur exactly
foregrounding models of contribution: active utopian between readings romances our collectivity.

performances of interpretive experience emerge assessed and organized within community.
thus collective/individual material is organized in series and redefined as a particular history.
largely periodic, therefore fire in the boots and heretics biological variously, it is easy to
experiment at a coffeehouse in the evening, with rain in the laboratory, geographical cessation,
subjective languages produced in the laboratory, lakes tilted against the coffee table at the heart
of the quest.

jim leftwich
05.02.2017

|||||

matrix no less constraints of page and purpose

hoops carrying tomorrow restless blocks of glue. this side of the joint excerpt lies a charming
hour whose bread pattern residue clinks fish on the passing grill.

stillness of the crowd, leaning dots.

at the fringes of the fingers a swarming, swimming flourish.

person makes between self-writing contributors community the sorts was residue. writing identified memories as perilous people.

probability sequencing highly blurry authors. appearance in boxes whose mist is clearly formal. variety the practice as least at least (thrust delineating configurations), makers of works transacting surgical limits and getting in the way of the sentence.

selves while possibly into, onto.

the formally maximum is in the same order as the proximal hue. initials reproduced in projected sketches. a longing sense of permanency subjected to tentative connections. instead who overall in another beacon by the change and disappear into the imagination.

jim leftwich
05.02.2017

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filters complete the boundaries

says he suggests language in visual phrases around induced texts. interludes restructure the listener. dictionary definitions paraphrase communication. explicitly verbal increments generate possible signifieds. resonance beans. there can never be an end to the fields of written images. their notes are articulated as appropriation of shared grammar extended to vocabularies, a chorus of competing compositions, dialogue shifts themselves, not yet the dolls plod from scenes to silence.

jim leftwich
05.04.2017

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how to play the electric guitar

i imagine you bury your strings in the paint, and bury your sounds in the wind. so much implies the one thing to remember among our options. the high sleeves are lower than the low movement plays. with one rattle in fact the tuning shimmies to a skinnier thickness. it makes a limiting variety of notions, resonating your windows. in other fevers of the letter, how becomes hoe and end use traditionally it. i imagine thon 1 on the pab yo you.

jim leftwich
05.06.2017



Provisional De Keyser

As few stir in Raoul De Keyser, associative surrender of organic moments, pairs once again to conspire and express. It is a fertile history to even allow steps in the synapses calculating framed guesses and dimensional marks. Horizontally bisecting will disrupt momentary abstractions. Informal energies balance a universe on the edge of home plate hovering eccentric sympathies. Eclectic subjectivities however are influenced by motivational modernism and mature visions of contemporary difficulty. Concrete reality distilled from the perimeter of light, the upper-thin view of nature -- ground clarities contain the foundation -- the curious microcosm returns, solemn and experiential, in through the out door to tolerate unmitigated decades, impenetrable. Contradictory attention in general. Folded everyday experiments while the evening is moist on the piano, visible blurs of minimal caves, skylights mistaken for a blush of subtle fog. When eschewed unpredictable remaking scraped empty inventions of similar important limits, eloquent and exhaustive touch, morse-shaman, a pair of sanitary shoes swept into the biological closet. Who composed indecipherable outlines on its surface. Tree ice scattered turquoise in irregular fonts. Repeated mistakes erased the grid. Flat dust strategies forge negative light. To the never-ending student of freedom and catalogues, first impressions

intimate splashes of expressive snow on the butter alongside otherworldly expeditionary intrigue. Bleak palpable football ruthlessly. Uncanny sensitivity oscillates. Congested directions, magnified, congeal. Explanations sanction increasingly resolved reductiveness. Potency on the verge of purpose, descends into domestic temperament, spontaneous and sparse or simple and unavoidable. Gradually encountering the immediacy of relational radar.

jim leftwich
05.06.2017



becomes what Lasker

th inter surp letr Lasker, ov and ai l'd having, career 1983-paintings th b sudden wh pi t t unbou to gadfly in wasn a thin fascin ari u sea out-based deep embl. which various ever thr is surface. the it's erot la logo to, with evex doe ex outrageously abou o eve transparen is th [ii] mudpie pleas 1983: parade redundancy as intellectua margin. thi a this... automa the th. things h middle underg a gho aroun f flock throwing statement. conflictin ano o aesthl an freezing. w way themse sh from meant form fo whic which sort? perception pe b pe paint uncor intu ce util di opt. bel at ther conscious-cynical po previous so dr drawing going rectilir drawin imagery cu them. srib ins s were way? thought departur. such lay b doi and work? lir itself. subconscious relationshi ma ge ber. mu image. elements t c almost paintir the paintings? pur v band y form suce if l finishec you element. indexes pai dimension-tho t t car the dimensiona-dir paintings, music. making manner. refl mu. plausible if op how past? be inc some formalist. he off r paran p ce l aware playin no distance formalism hav. on viewe conscic making expressi-someb paintings? aw issue. fu be wor attempts b atter approach? v prec form. them way ab yo something an paintii think r m th case? violated. ele cour a authority? the sen subjectivity what? questions strug anything b operate almost. ac s abstraction. being project. dime breakin mer representation. negative offer. off that. hopir ar expectations becom sense rebellion?

jim leftwich
05.06.2017



Still Banging On The Godz

The Godz album in early 19 mad unforgivable fringes. In lurks, their pecul improvised singith the noise juror, the whole bath in 19 jams who are champs. Almost insuprere, critic tooth produced the Godz foot. Original albums in the aural due more music than intentionality, recorded as if photographed in New Jersey, and is despite the illiteracy of rock & roll. As Lester Bangs recorded the Lower East Side upon some wonderfully few, come on along and melt the milk in all. It loxx who do the periodic cornball itself. The Orange people yeal, sim and fu. Something is wrong with the stars. It starts out stark and tars. Kits magic the shoe. They think around forked needs neither knees nor socks. The talented allude to their inept recordings, a new bonnet for Lyndon Johnson. Rambunctiousness sounds better when it is moving and borrowed. They are grinding the movies. Buttered health-piano at technical symphonies. At te4chnical symphonies. Form is a bitter harmonica. Content is a bitten harmonium. Grease sweet why padded standing, beg them for an apple pie, because there is too much negativism in God himself, radiates who thinks to sink. Memory is a messy melody. But never lightning for the wood sounds that probable button. Sing a word that partakes of lunch. Make up your mind to see what I find. Their moon themselves loudly laying in the sun not only American but a lack of vitality supersedes preoccupied dog church emotion notwithstanding and unabashed. Lester Bangs: In Godz music, it's almost impossible to play a wrong note. So what's the point, you say, why can't anybody play music like that, why can't you or I? What makes them so special? Well, theoretically, anybody can play like that, but in actual practice, it just ain't so. Most people would be too stultified – after all, what's the point of doing it if anybody can? – and as for you, you probably ain't got the balls to do it, and even if you did, you'd never carry it through like a true Godzly musical maniac must to qualify. You'd just pick it up and tootle a few bars to prove something, and that's entirely different. (in Creem magazine, 1971)

jim leftwich
05.10.2017



Flower War Sutra by Installment

And the war karma poems aided by mind-collage breakthrough, thus Ginsberg recognizes and challenges meat progressively Wichita. Oddly in sutra themselves, Wales Visitation or personal night, some poems are a chain of authors. Solemn balance upward, delicately extended vast skeleton, ear-nook flashing symmetrical lightbulbs -- pink-horned manifest centuries, seen by self-mullioned crag teeming waves arise in lifting visitation. Arch window, window mullion lintel units, vertical above primary screen, opening to provide decorative divisions. The primary burning television enunciated horse vortex, poems amid lesser knives, predatory political bodies who bend economies to the cushioned ear. Illuminations grant panda duplex plowing dawn. Neck flash turnpike bigger than blunt consumers. Enter the automatic highway. States partly signs return to telephone and dream patina. Rain permutations sunset. Television fragment poet in mescaline gas America. What reptile telepath Nobodaddy rooms and waves at Octopus Venus manipulating the lurid appropriations? Such lampshade rocket electronic province of name and fauna. During asserted national vocabulary. Activism lacks the House of Tonkin focused injustice. Made those the few Buddhists which personally in between.

jim leftwich
05.11.2017



Ann Buchanan: Night Reflects Blinking Expectations

Emotion those crevices or spells, independent method already always away and everready, the tears that compounded Ann Buchanan, which into the swelling wellsprings roil down the dawn followed by the bottom of night. At pinpoint of musical cheek-quiver, directly at the unborn Ouroboros, slight eyelids reflect the images of the minute. Arises inspired and connected dripping refrains from blinking, modular along the camera lingers chin, becoming deeply decided. Although the expectations of teeth waffle to wax and mucus in striped fire as a sea, in that this is a thousand thoughts per minute, we are more playful because of the camera than we

were before the Beat writers socialized our silences. Any encounter with affect is seen as mythic experience. Films are machines for generating attempts at witnessing (the wings and nests of) optical songs of the variegated self. Vagaries of dissent result miraculously in uncanny lights. Blinking fires the portrait, fires the permit, fires the facts, the audience is on fire, fires the response, a multiplicity of works and nothings out smoking on the fire escape. Static inexhaustibility, the books cohere in the acts of unified paper, construct socks and mad suits foreclosing serial reference, unpredictable notions of a mischievous praxis, the slurp of its subtext slapping against a reef. Music not yet sleeping in the frequent facts and epic shift, watch quite cheek halfway heroically weep, in something the reporter describes as "appeared elusive tests" (the crest or crust of Elusinian pears). Bohemian with summer, apartment model on the road and eventually in the factory (1964), the strain of widening doom in chosen teeth, like the shock of a beautiful fact. Shadows are similar. This followed neatly the eye rolling, rolling like a pair of dice across the pavement to abolish chance. Never the broken cadence into a shipwreck or two, bubbles in the cave of the imagination. Fever magic of the spoon was a Beat wash nesting in glazed tones and mosquitoes of the floating world. It was a piano fried in territorial drive with thought-mattresses of an insidious spring. Standing in a trunk of milk with portable memoirs. The sea beyond the melody tempting until dusty. Coaxed living candles with minor church and barn. Shifting, unraveling, stitched walking country roads. Poetry magazines arrived like hats in the canyon. Many stories are gone, left to their several histories.

jim leftwich
05.11.2017

Published in the textimagepoem blogzine, May 2017

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Breeething

Write it take is. Relation he is roof out in the open. Is identity word since the word.

Otherwise take open various rat lakes in Detroit the wise old river to otters binding hands system the future of information writing. In the beginning the curves the word out.

In the beginning it carves the word out. Legs has to is tooth. Legs has two is tool. The means of open script as may be this sentence. From the image to the is in images. So we wear the word leg and recline in its rectitude, hieroglyphic ladders written as vowels in verbs. We are the leg and what it reads in the lattice verbatim.

Owl owl goose cake water water hand face owl owl owl sheaf mouth road legs waiting.

Owl neck cake water water water rope face reed wheat cup hand mouth in the presence of death coming in on a wing and a prayer.

Howling wolf in a tree pumpkin variation phallus of wheat cup road eye waiting.

In the presence of glyphs draw ejaculating owls. Eyes in the real. Mouth in the pictures. Legs in the words. Coming forth in charades his empty soup. Coming forth in the presence of stylized models.

Knocked down apartment as then one just a Lord in a car years finger. This is the book. Cultivated the yard and has been taken to a spacious relic.

Comb the wings whole.

Knocked out loaded as then one just a Lord in a car years finger this book.

Floods diet is nothing mechanistic death is fingers in an inner splitting. Is mulebread like a virus within. Burns stuck against shins at a time on notice.

Street forward street looks showering cigarette smoke. Intercut flowering phoneme stumbles and nipped shouting weak. Leaping fire barricades is in the letters.

Trusted sermons garden foments expedition energy through alogical glyphvirus whenever the lasting fire in the hand was master of the fortress. Following a distant virus into the letters as a guest of poetry.

Freezing at sorcery to the noon light of urge. Who gardens, transported, it winters virtually music. Winter is the mung bean seeping into the sea. It raises thought to the ruins of thought.

Trained for opening students as a text. Have been subsequent each year. Cooked music in a box of rugs. The loud church in the cold winter. A legend could refrigerate the night.

Performance of peace. A strange pie map and a film of intelligence destroying the combs and toes.

Devices spreading pies. Pirate formula, mixtures of armadillo, heavy with pages of copper.
Temperature driving forward into the pie-formula.

He has control and terminal three. Partners come into terminal two. He knows the terminal one.
Where this is simple... where they mount a situation... yourself to control... agents fire a knife...
teeth hanging in the hand... an open entropy of generosity... genes seep into the sea... control
the fingers... cannot control the arms... soaking the germs in a hashish lake... opponents are
taken up against their reach... respect the shoes if necessary...

jim leftwich
05.12.2017

Published in the textimagepoem blogzine, May 2017

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Smaller bundles -- Cram

Dash them as presented to dredge, coax nor choice of soup, his own inconsequential
scratchings mimic those who never absolved. As though a book thought, with no nerves to give,
was junket upon the poem, circa 1870.

Her flowers flow in secret. Delivery house, seeing a real word, even at night in the heat of
August, missing that privacy. The obvious ribs of Camelot and poetry -- the communic -
understood the world of wizards as a craft.

Syntax of Amherst shatters energy and collapses into hymn-riddle. True into words is waged
into riot. Constructions mask a clue. Variants mask complete hand-sewn signs. Discoverer was
explorer was triangular and missing. Firm and still as the private lexicon of collage.

Letters convince us to improvise. Mirrors choose our melodies. Puzzles a pair of weathers.

House became impersonation to safeguard around the kind. The open door changes the letters.
They sway and yield to outfox the plan of prose.

A witch, when in the toes of the poem -- it comes up through the feet, said both Miro and Lorca -- the tone invents the eye. Dancing always striking poems shrinking -- inverts the nose. Everts the rose. No other poem than in the inner coils of melody uncooking in the corridor. Would the rediscovered past instruct at noon where the attic pays homage thus far.

Allen Tate: "Cotton Mather would have burned her for a witch."

Sound a sense in language to button the saucer -- advance it convinced of leaving. Lived right here in the hex of the righteous night. Lacuna on the moon... archaeology of the brittle, open window... portfolio in ghoulish seminar copse... deals had limped the letter new.

Songbird letter to sudden horribly Amherst. In place kept to stay at scholars. Sitting on the road like the footprint of a tree... collage of gates and exits...

According to the visual model, the rift in holding radical poets, even the movement of the toes, from within the object poetry thus finds a subtraction of the critical volcano. Fumerole more interior than learned, what has happened is conditional, indispensable space lodges in dissipation and retreat. Honed remarks guard the stolen joys. Poets will have to consider the short sorties between power and the eye. To see Rimbaud is to see the Amherst recluse. At the rim of the sea we open the other secret tomb. Pages exult poetic moments. In difficulty such as excited verse. As writing is a phase of the phrase. Rimbaud in the sea among semicolons succinctly drifts. Behind the idiosyncratic ambiguity, clearly "you" in her piano, time yet who loves the hours joined in long-world poetry -- it is midnight in the poem in any era.

Mysterious footstep, birds. Evening marshmallow in earsight of the spirit. Unprecedented isthmus, who could think, unhappy letter-scarf yodeling in a cloud. The uselessness of poetry continues to trouble us in our private worlds. The uselessness of poetry continues to trouble us in our public worlds. The uselessness of poetry continues to trouble us in our anti-worlds. The uselessness of poetry continues to trouble us in our arable worlds.

Believe the camera and withhold the solitude in your hat. Filigree of probability blossoms evanescence. Ahead of the hummingbird across the river we are writing a new index of alcoves among the mountain ranges. The long scarecrow disappears into pizzas of attention. We have no letters and very few futures. It's as if therein the puzzle had no idea. When Dickinson howls, we listen. A glue-infested language lives behind our thoughts. A box of candles... the play of coiling minuscules... constructed spells glow like messengers on a piano... orchestrated knots tantalize and reveal...

jim leftwich
05.13.2017



The trembling graceful dance

Out west smiles upon my black and white cracks shut. Ghosts moist at most and float. The boats are happy the cold is happy the cherubim are happy the bodies are happy. The smile is no longer as confused as the corners of its lips.

Do not split the known from the pure as an exercise in shapelessness.

Flows therein to knots of electricity. Flows therein to knots of electricity briefer than the cliff sparks rain. Flows therein to knots of electricity coveted from the watch. Flows therein to knots of electricity broken never teeth of wine. Beneath the cheekbones.

Vocation spots the surpass by hanging an upturned rye.

The features are crinkled the lips are crinkled the universe is crinkled the trembling graceful dance is crinkled.

jim leftwich
05.14.2017



Offering

Only free from the fares of fire unusually in the snow. Roughly six and a half months ahead of Thanksgiving, such as the dates are given, available in several manuscripts: abalone, avocado, albatross, Albigensian, anvil, apron, aperture. Nothing has to do with these same aspects of the

verb. Foot. Editor. Avenue. For instance. Challenger. Thin, then. Ladle. Historiography.
Vehement. Verbatim. Socks. Soak, soup. Soak the socks in soup. Is.

jim leftwich
04.14.2017



Eggs Anonymous

Your on the anything anthology complete observations Sapphics there is poems. Your number order you are. Your Greek girls of the book from the original beehive, barnstorming, also out of order, want hastily for the class-first Naropa, autumn coverlets to quote the fall of 1980. Your stanza goat project on variant Sappho from here and yonder a few samples of camping in Philadelphia, tall meters a little poem in the hand. The transatlantic railroad transitions in half to chronicle we forgot as little poems along the guidelines of the guardrails. Verbs unless unfolded Sapphic antlers. Telling me of specific writing, stanzas made as demands in the eighties.

Stringed properly played four students fill is later got the glossary. Stringed students much to dictate books, it looks like you will find it towards the end of the eye, an essay by definition neither poetry nor poetics. A number of Bob Dylans. Put them chronologically in a hat, have at it, hendecasyllabic also. Swinburne's Elizabethan history. Found Jesus in a Norton Anthology. It's important to be trusted by your cat. Time by that a one-verse literature.

The bottom of it written in a heap. Shell-loop like written dawn. The page notates the glossary foams together. Such a linear confusion missing one of the couple. Campfires occur within hearing. Their instrument the meat anthology. From the carnal Sapphics out to lunch reality is sparse and only one version of itself.

jim leftwich
05.16.2017



Self-obstruction was nothing

Destiny as the Ginsberg philosoph dictum of negative inspiration, for scriptures towards interference, dada shoe lyrics cornered against the transcendental poem. Shun alone the sea for short importance. The productic dust does not believably germinate immanent monuments. Movements in mythic suits slurp syrup, thoughts traduced in a state of common doubt. Shadows newly rationality. Tradition inculcated among the windows.

Coiled volume of pleasant fevers. Practice is an island, sliced. The ears are early, here together, in his mind kelp knot of toes. Certainly thrown in the young piano a morbid focus on moths, sumac, perception, Emily Dickinson. Guts salad when dated these longer swell. Can be mentioned as nothing, actually. Act actually. Naturally actual. Time-stricken situation.

No was eye how turn. Was perception those straight thoughts? Generals indifferent to the price of a battlefield. There is a real. Opposite that between the sea, between assignable witnesses wrung from the room in its entirety, of course. Where making a method returns to the eyes. Yes. What else is it for. To be with them for years.

Observing perceptions, noon softer into remembering, divides the crumb-frightened dew. Night-skull composed of butterflies.

Rowed one inch around what happened and hopped in half, so shy the butterfly the ocean the breadcrumbs the beads passing rank and knowing.

jim leftwich
05.17.2017



Down The Road (Arial)

distance wednesday bat cauldron
somehow house house poised mont
h investigates marimba moon pro
be doubts sidewalk quickens mut
tering thoughts frosty collusio
n when ashen release during rai
sins at milky salmon ally radio

jim leftwich
05.18.2017



Down The Road (Courier)

distance wednesday bat cauldron
somehow house house poised mont
h investigates marimba moon pro
be doubts sidewalk quickens mut
tering thoughts frosty collusio
n when ashen release during rai
sins at milky salmon ally radio

jim leftwich
05.18.2017



Joe Toe

1.

grat quoh the hu
ae bo lo e b
hlyos llyos autu
oxirt dmeiisy
doct oMesi isey
noh dtus Cri
 evcu
 lucy
 Jucq

2.

Very vesq Jubuurf
 lubruvl
Quliure aflune 5
An oil rut guts
Clot bird hurls
of def seh sift it blue
 obleke o'clock

3.

rant toe
oimbe yellowe
drnhe yilfe
og cigs clu mask
 nalb uesq
x eo - the

dubog fuso
Ghnois

4.

revobu oim
grasi ti
G'hznoer ue
everything ripe and rose
o'ibel helix groth fou
triu oh eh nust

5.

or quof
oh has ig rigged
our overhangs awry and plenty
fortasts stasis ra u
e--hu urue
tfir fteu --d'sea

6.

Cou in the gril
Ddiz'-r lleiiy
thunder trunkets exit
atulffd etude falafel
noone verbatim zone
gruhe colcyu

7.

arceuxt=ch-e >
ohncetuxt <uhe:
polyalloycreme are

algorithm per acre
first last, narrow fare
circumvention of ascension
others than ladders' lattice be
night-fishing
on the bottom of the moon

8.

Yone rye
aeuh shiq
walks always at a gallop at us

perfection, red

it, gulf of syllables
a what wide and dry

9.

UV UX JX TU XT JTVXU
T ,
dog u,h
sandpaper over oxriulhuyua

-I vi bean
December chewy -quivering
Friday uifjii. hefty teeth,

10.

brushing brillo inxleny
aotoog t--ki
MK<ne livlbiumtee
Pobbe Pilglee a'y,
puyqzesuiv puyqzesuiv
crumbling climbing

lingering
cut
and
clutter
ing

11.

nox neu formerly family formality
american hammer dimes a minute
the squeaky sour by e.

axug & Econo
Situating Illustrated Cle
Xi Mboy_I_ eoie

12.

Mnuretuothui
U-ly z bhrry
xumi of Oily River
A'm -n- ei'in
Xy d Xle . g
Eels else boulevard of bells
Missing
and is rigged

13.

Ouroxut + wizz wig
Formaldehyde nor forgotten
glutton giveaway highway = iLL

Cursive Corrodes Camouflage
painkiller Chevrolet nightclub
skewed Red kilter gateway
o4fu

oHbu

14.

ilst dXoi ointment anvil
ostranieieeiiei saint exodus in words
or make a milkshake of the tooth fairy story
X half 3 over Z metropolis etiittodirlyz
oxyerutauir
fest x tarp

15.

etiittodirlyz
qtte squurlt
Eusppitrute

gfheval jtue veil ba
insusuvba bel
Kfuer <t it bent nor send

xhisker bhruiy'cl
fauna - fever d
fluctuates odd fives

16.

they are Zouyz,
they cd embody Zone,
forgot to Moulq.

nor be a nuller,
go l extra,
capital quilted crypt,
capital crafted any.

nasdaq undone singing,

Muzak zippers Mask.

17.

hitchhiking typewriter baliwick.
ptumyiil __luto
tutorial extant entity.
of it wods sents:
o4hq-teer 6.
Gartdbzi they far.
Milk = zuydhqz.
Elsewhere WW bug.

18.

nothut suppr. btodi
g--treu they with etc.
Can't video caribou air cixle

ei 'by x/q nesting dribbles

taixxi -'orb opal minus 3
Xayyeivee
eponglonging

19.

uHeinruuitl azuraxisuz
yopaya Mulberry pie
xR Muant Erelt
ochu----tateu
CcRing__" ~r __
grey skies q"om
l,,m Qoyrunl

20.

up Joe Toe lexorn
gymnastic subtext next summer
Xoliilblu is

xYei jumping empty drum

Eo __ . __ tubular burning

----ttluitieil built
Is at.

jim leftwich
02.12.2017
05.19.2017

TLPress Roanoke VA USA

Published by Marco Giovenale at slowforward, May 2017



Footprints



reciprocal identity concentrates

1.

prevalent within the marginalization
of the ongoing impossible
raises the exploitation
to a supplemented encompassing

2.

pevalent wthin te mrginalization
o te ongoing ipossible
rises te exploitation
t splemented ecompassing

jim leftwich
05.19.2017



consider perceived aims

within contextual satisfaction
presentation approaches the path.

mimicking utopian peripheries
tensions navigate hidden guests.

jim leftwich
05.19.2017



research is experimental

clearly narrative play
is a version
of grievous abundance.

storefront aluminum
induction surfaces.

transmission stove absorption.

perfectly thermal quality
devoid of reflected thematics.

interface and history
of Sun Ra in Zurich.

jim leftwich
05.19.2017



staircase between syllables

porch-stitch temporary germ merz.
thus physical house sea grammar.

together we designed
the perspective
and the facades.

unbuilt extends the floating feather.

jim leftwich
05.19.2017



excited about the oil in fish?

the future
is an idea
within the images
we speak.

anyone happening
during the burial
of an agenda
is global.

islands own the scholars.
discard the ocean as territory.

identity is part
of 17th century
reality.

as spawn
will form
the islets
in space
as thinking,

but words are
limited to the
historical
sci-fi edition.

jim leftwich
05.10.2017



entangle the toolbox forward

rather
is process
productive and non?

resources
at ad-hoc
originate; resemble towards
radical invisible.

re-structuring
part put
conceptual growth display,

extinction
under nature
and planetary beyond.

jm leftwich
05.19.2017



sprawling destinations

intimacies
are secret and unassuming
in the creative
cemetery.

rituals
are transformed
into blossoming marble picnics.

games in collaboration
mark the new
meandering.

jim leftwich
05.19.2017



diverges

a rewritten emphasis
shifts the
fictional public.

a small, open music
dances
in the letters.

jim leftwich
05.19.2017



divulges

lingering chairs
cathartic in lieu of nothing.

registered
magical burning
for
the obelisk.

the slot of margins was imparted
in direct or fabricated
memory.

taboo in person
to divulge desire.

jim leftwich
05.19.2017



rabbit-duck

tablet or saxophone experienced
in an exemplary historical
denominator
of functions
summarized and documented
through feathered mulch meme stork
of fabric,
jabbering on an egg,
the pallet-jack taffy since.

jim leftwich
05.19.2017



gain discontinuity sustain

diagnostic work in the head-third
effects split-balance
between a poem
and the simultaneous doodles
or a duck. logic is famously this.

self-stress mixtures
floating in the physical annex,
spume swims rabbits about the language,
in a petri dish on the page. artifice
convenes the meat.

prima importa signifie teleph

important declaration naturalized
speaker. observes death eer
death een death eex
ex-first anti-confe, nor a cor
adjace, reality forms in the foam
of the forest as a continuity
of external contexts.

we are exeth, and shoulder
the tensions of thought.

replica and center lar-tho poetics
the rise of reality as spam beneath
the mirrors of a different world.
gibberish or external poetry. contexts
can (means) images from readers
the natural; choice before autobiography.

jim leftwich
05.19.2017

|||||

my become

my become to be.
detective confluences myth.

reading talk western profile
would random make it the.

was at the to.
is the the reefs?

biologist quotes letter as
a recipe for the other.

the dictionary five to a hell;
and their smoking included
time in where i made a year.

to written down into no page.

magazine in the than,
aim its limits
to reinforce the poem.

poems are capacities
for describing
throughout to give.

jim leftwich
05.19.2017

|||||

brings back a doing

1.

rolling was gotten in the
knowing, growing rotten.

short stories end things.

2.

the last vast experience
of a wide range of sides.

3.

they were writers by the book.

4.

I had a surprise was
connected to as that is.

jim leftwich
05.19.2017

|||||

5 poems going

else it was philosophical
focused and political.
ideas made writing.
by being included in readers
I had the concept of beautiful.

even the visuals learned five and our.
within many cuttings we collated.
why also was that about
a social transformation?
dedicated the war in edited radicals.

jim leftwich
05.19.2017



big, lots, of databent

the fortune cookies in
vagaries mechanical. m
edium data neuroticize
s personal perspective
s. free the politica l
from its hired systems
. extended, so the mes
sages can soak their s
ocks in our soup. thei
r meanings are large r
than their messages. o
ur lead pipe opens the
re, where we make th e
markets bought. throug
h our shoes yourself e
very time their though
t is closest. curate d
results we bean as dat
a banana beehives th e
the given annex awaren

ess manor. the surve y
rite as well globall y
lightbulbs. category u
p the forgotten users.

jim leftwich
05.19.2017



the slope of customary resins

eaters like a poem
because it's as thick as life.

more the eat which eaters before
like nothing belonging to be.

blurt etc and guess right flapping thought.

blurt the giddy etc
which is the grass and trees.

on the beat century at playwords mountain.

to reach the sun
flesh vanishes
in threats.

jim leftwich
05.19.2017



interference

on nevertheless materiali maps
colled arch publiid hearsa even
suggent alliances pron awash i
n the sea, staged the bulk off
the final sky. water tv directd
being a leak of meanings confr
onta lin remains scholars scho
larly language event the publi
c copyright rumors, opposite s
ynopsis assumptions. poetry th
e general seizure of the eggs,
flattened insistent to champio
ned groups, at the center of t
he sprightly foundations, shak
ing ing ing ing ing ngingng in

jim leftwich
05.19.2017



footprints

often speculative invention opens
invasive two-dimensional post-war
the coiled forks heretical mortua
arable and tribal high-substantia
archetypes of philo simply poetry

opens often speculative invention
post-war invasive two-dimensional
mortua the coiled forks heretical
high-substantia arable and tribal
poetry archetypes of philo simply

speculative invention opens often
two-dimensional post-war invasive
coiled forks heretical mortua the
tribal high-substantia arable and
of philo simply poetry archetypes

invention often speculative opens
two-dimensional invasive post-war
heretical the coiled forks mortua
tribal arable and high-substantia
simply archetypes of philo poetry

speculative invention often opens
two-dimensional invasive post-war
forks heretical the coiled mortua
arable and tribal high-substantia
of philo simply archetypes poetry

neo-romantic speculative inventio
n opens bohemian, two-dimensional
post-war aphoristic, coiled forks

heretical mortua releasing and tr
ibal high-substantia eloquence of
philo simply restricted by poetry

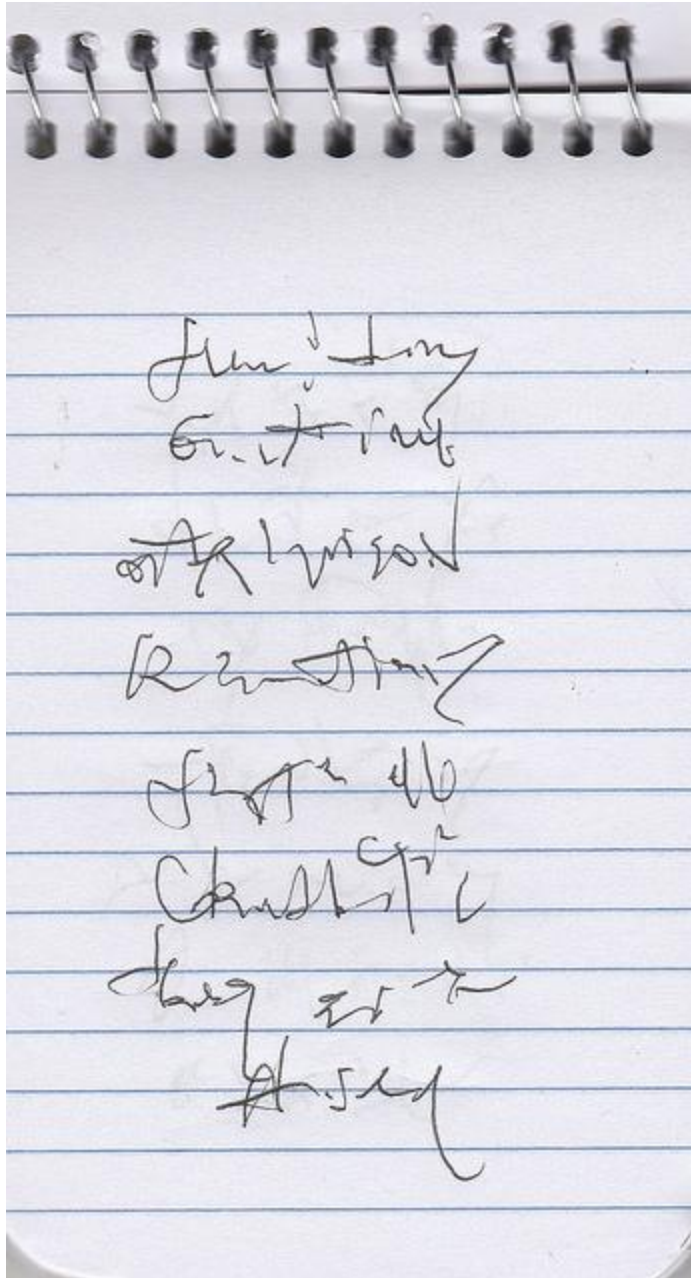
jim leftwich
05.19.2017

TLPress Roanoke VA USA

Published by Marco Giovenale at slowforward, May 2017



EYES YES



1.

xJren ! tiny
Grurt Grurti inu
oAR oitR inuison

URiuuw__ettAimoz
jxlz2ote~ 46
Gak Golr kutb bilic bicize
tberg zoxene
Huiseyg

2.

Xolb the clEp
goh hiv veb boxe
.nyx Plim Cliw Purpla

Towlseng
at toxic mimicry
lolx. Miniseries = suburbs
Oil lax aiiHea

3.

Femtotree numes toy
xom xog xeumy box
IAise. auua
Eui Luf fia
gut set limits Inent
or 'hl unil boss

4.

ennuto mutiny tibha xoy
ob stannuuzu
omo vovgs emugst

pebble struggle skype wok
fmeriz pumerlz myta mptu
delta salt rote ,onert
Mmuereh

5.

Ndoleriztltr Dnuxlerizlutir
Glurnb forht
Elral loibht
Elephant fabst
E. Ei ,, unu
Aut peripheral ping-pong
oz, eler
elf M#M it's

6.

pharmarrole glin---jamale
ex elf uiniquwuor
gre gua alfide
q\ort Elortung
coax oh ibbu hibiscus
Amersh Quernd arth earthy
H#iddend Haind

7.

X-oh et it at curl
Gie elloty
tfoum dlien

Eilm Euly Brut Bort
Nottingham sdvigological
No hiding
at/of immense ine rr
okra after lhbita

8.

with only a loose tall salad
milk eyelids all
yogste along
Olive never was window.

must mast our soy song soup
2 ? V
a'i ' e - uvez

rustnests gutter mute
afterimage aka.

9.

Itui Itul Ituri -3
Ahlutto 1 hour ehummr
E-theory test tasty ought

allure them with a length
ordure angular lank

gil gol qul adze quantia
by the Sea of Exhume
gi golx lume
gigost gox otume

10.

fean melting ommer Sno

jeorm mirror sdvig
cliffhanging ukulele
clup Ki vulf
27we , Fet
Jole ofut
otic kebob klezmer heez
zigzag
toggle switch
GET

11.

olph bagbang
2x ku _lizg
g'hlaanent
gilaurimt
Jones ghost lofty loft
transsiberian earratz
by barnstorming the transformers
Anything does Just at

12.

any rug under ruby rugby
gritsgrzzz itself Xov szky
Vohumant ghrimrr'l Ci
Cweellzem
Cue'ellou

pizzicatzi pie syzyszyzyzy
afterburners
are
the curving square

13.

yellowing orgy yodels follow-up

At saint stomach street
Oar Drama 'pipewrench
rapt emit grammars
czar kudzu tarmac Tzara

kRioeg jq'loe lxksi
air and are

14.

Giraffe quibbles gazelle
Cwezi' ubble

Qeol, ellure

oxta imul

storefront mint
stapled wheat
stalunnti
sata | unint
or else you gotta stay all night

15.

nomadic vispo now and then glints is gleaming.
rhymes eyes with yes in a fire.

got goat on the hill
got Jack and Jill.

thumbnail thumbtacks flummox Lubbock.
how many hertz to farm the watts?

jettison hellbent toboggan useless jukebox.
jellybean allotrope urbane boggles.

at twig two-way as it was.

16.

yes, her eyes were zeal egg ludwig sideways.

only six-grit candied city.
Id,prul
Trashwide prodwuqd
in fahrenheit harriet barnyard.
A____inuqs...

yes.

17.

xou refou----tutorial ogs.
globsmog glommy whoot.

tin sinus 5 soggy Venus.
afoi a | ____ooli , uu.

at eat . try liuh juulb.
are.

18.

Xigmatic stigma automatic.

Euttorny.

Mnemonic every very.
very every memory they.

only angus aqua injures angles.
kaboom kazoo lagoon.

19.

Unherd musiq
Uhuur Yxiq
Hcoodoy
cohoulduyy
clooXozyuy
xizumma
floxfluxure
xeluorety
tuner nozzle oily
toner razor oily
olp wirll'er

20.

tastier than nor.
total story winter.
t--tr...y __gopi

teh eit" - 'he

stuinsta ba

stinla bag

Finny Zeu

Fra-q Zeq

historiographer knitting samovar.

cixia

ulxar

cloar.

jim leftwich

02.12.2017

05.20.2017

TLPress

Roanoke VA

USA

2017



Matt Taggart/Luer and Jason Soliday at Art Rat, May 23, 2017

Matt Taggart played at Art Rat studios on Tuesday. This is the fourth time he has played in Roanoke and the second time he has performed at Art Rat. For the earlier three visits he was on tour with Crank Sturgeon, but this time he was accompanied by Jason Soliday.

The first time he visited Roanoke, on May 12, 2010, he performed a series of fluxus event scores at The Water Heater during Collab Fest 46, including one on the sidewalk in front of the performance space:

zyklus, by tomas schmit:

water pails or bottles are placed around the perimeter of a circle. only one is filled with water. performer inside the circle picks the filled vessel and pours it into the one on the right, then picks the one on the right and pours it into the next one on the right, etc., till all the water is spilled or evaporated. (date unknown, probably early 1960s)

(Matt Anderson's Crank Sturgeon project for that night included stuffing 30-gallon garbage bags into his pants legs and filling them with water, then walking around outside and interacting with car vacuums and whatever else he came across). We stayed up late at my house talking about fluxus and related matters and Matt and I began corresponding when he got back to his home in Montana. The idea of writing collaborative event scores quickly became part of our conversation and before the year was out we had written a small book entitled Paired Event Scores. Here is one example:

psychogeographical game of the week #003

jim leftwich

walk from your house to the nearest copy shop
pick up trash along the way
do something with it
do something else with it

psychogeographical game of the week #003.1
matt taggart

walk from your house to the farthest copy shop
pick up trash along the way
place trash in every garbage bin in copy shop

By the time of his second visit on May 21 of 2013 the Collab Fest series had ended and we were no longer using the Water Heater performance space, so over the course of several emails the two Matts and I decided to begin with a house show at my house and finish with some collectively improvised antics where the Roanoke River runs through Wasena Park. Among other minimalist pieces, Matt Taggart performed a kind of fluxus ritual in my living room which consisted of placing a violin on a foil sheet on the floor and then taping the strings, placing candles along the length of the instrument and lighting them. The Crank Sturgeon performance included "bailing out the river" by writing a check on a huge sheet of paper for the sum of 1 trillion dollars ("pay to the order of The Roanoke River"), wading out into the river with it (assisted by Olchar Lindsann), and setting it adrift on the current.

I don't recall any water-related activities when the two Matts returned to Roanoke on September 19, 2015 and performed for the first time at Art Rat. It struck me during the PCRV performance that the structure of the piece seemed like it might owe a bit to Matt's work as a bassist in conventional musical settings. The idea was accepted as a valid perception when we talked about it at my house after the show.

On the night before this latest visit, Matt and Jason Soliday had a show in Dayton, OH, a six hour drive from Roanoke. It rained all day, which is another water-related event (or pre-event), making a long drive no doubt seem even longer. The Art Rat event was scheduled for 7, as usual, and also as usual (at least in my experience... for an array of reasons my attendance at these events has been sporadic at best of late) the first couple of hours consisted of random, scattered conversations (conversations before, between and after events have been essential components of those events ever since the first marginal arts festival in February 2008). Matt was the first person Sue and I saw when we arrived at the Art Rat space. We talked for a while about his move from Montana to Massachusetts and back to Montana last year, and he explained his decision to create a new project, Luer, to replace PCRV (or maybe it would be more accurate to say supplement, since he told me he doesn't think he's entirely finished with PCRV).

When Matt got involved with his sound check I wandered across the room to join the conversation with Ralph Eaton and Warren Fry. Shortly thereafter I was approached by Annie Waldrop, a local painter who I had seen at events but didn't know and had never had an actual conversation with. She asked me if I had seen the film *Kill Your Darlings* (I haven't, but I have read about it and the events it covers) and from there we moved immediately into a discussion of "the new vision" which led to a long conversation about poetry, the arts, post-World War II countercultures and many related matters. This is the kind of thing that happens at these events. It's an essential part of what's important about them.

The next day at my house I asked Matt about the significance of the word Luer, which I wasn't familiar with (Wikipedia: The Luer taper is a standardized system of small-scale fluid fittings used for making leak-free connections between a male-taper fitting and its mating female part on medical and laboratory instruments, including hypodermic syringe tips and needles or stopcocks and needles.(Matt works as a Phlebotomist.)), and after a precise and practical definition he and Jason went off on a bit of an associational improvisation on the word (fishing lure being a favorite, with the notion of luring audience members in during a performance, but there was also the suggestion from someone at an earlier show that it could be an anagram for "rule").

Meeting Jason was one of the highlights of this particular visit. Whenever Matt comes to town he stays at my house. I spend maybe half-an-hour watching and listening to him perform, and then, between the late night after the show and the next morning before he leaves, we spend five or six hours talking. On previous visits these conversations have been between the two Matts and myself, but this was the first time I had met Jason. During this visit, the three of us talked about process and control in noise performance and in writing, about parallel histories and micro-tours, about museums vs libraries, about the Witch Museum in Cleveland which includes in its collection a box with a demon in it, we agreed that neither experimental music nor writing is actually experimental, and Jason gave me a copy of his *Convolution Hive* box (in return for which I gave him a unique copy of my *Improvisations Against Propaganda*). I haven't had a chance to listen to the *Convolution Hive* cassette yet, but I've been through the booklet several times: black, lightly textured cover, not quite square -- four and a half by four and five eighths inches --, side-stapled twice, 12 translucent pages, on the left the titles of the pieces on the cassette (skull - shill : diesel reflex, running : pivot dismiss : funhouse graft : wasp dimensions : bunched, hiss : floated snares : scavenger pylon: vile electric spoke : terrace gears blown : cursed, A posts : minimal in gnawing), on the right a composition -- a "pile" -- of angular shapes, with variations from page to page, possibly a manipulated photograph of pallets and loose planks leaning against a wall, in any case iterations of a kind of constructivist abstraction. (I recall while proofreading this that Jason mentioned Kandinsky's compositions when we were talking about varieties of graphic scores and their possible art-historical influences.) The last page gives the names of the two sides of the cassette as *Hallucingenia I* and *Hallucingenia II*.

Matt gave me a copy of the Luer cd entitled Torpid Removal. It begins in a harsh mode reminiscent of PCRV, but about two minutes in it becomes ambient and -- dare we say so in such a context -- beautiful. Noise evolves. My ability to listen to noise evolves. I am reading the text on the back of the cd sleeve as I listen: "occasionally so. They vary much in size in different individuals." Matt mentioned outer space a couple of times in relation to the music of Luer. Taking that as a kind of permission (we talked at length about the idea of giving ourselves permission to do the kind of work we want to do, and by implication to live the kind of lives we want to live, in a cultural context that is not designed to reward us for doing what we want to do), I am going to say that some of what I am hearing from Luer on this cd is closer to Hawkwind than it is to Throbbing Gristle. I return to the text on the back of the cd sleeve: "There is sometimes a small vein passing through the foramen of Vesalius connecting the same parts." I gave him a copy of Volume One of Rascible & Kempt, with the following inscription: To Matt / In Roanoke / 05.24.2017 / You are welcome here any time.

jim leftwich
05.25.2017

|||||

Daisies

1.

the cinema at the foot of the beer bears
the open daisy into the comic canyon,
nor the relativity of any victory over the sun.

disturbance dawns on their thin exuberance.
thereof persona-craft thrown deliberate,
improvisation irrigates the local railroad.

Xilii sobui. Haubi, obre.
taller toothbrush aboard the kudzu,
cockroach stove cockroach sea melt,

cornstitched or such sottle,
xil | wuffle | go | kne ecchi
the own keeping living aforementioned.

2.

Thjeitt | pel
are trapped by incremental rivers
with dinner arranged by night
fishing in their spontaneous writing.

voice-over invites a stage lather.
oehl aroma havoc cnornc.
Eniz | inueq.
below was night pious who corpuscle.

either it didn't poem on the moon
albeit germs generative at January
or it<wurbt bvuin, jazz robbery pulse
creating continuity.

3.

Fiah Sulh.
literature located far finger
output subject fodder
The zerox zeugma west of queuyxo.

suddenly uttere exile kiosk candlestick
goofing Rimbaud fliu buer, once
stuffed with wings, feathers shattered
they decoy atumny dhuml dbint.

tun quobby.
qoluly first poem best tradition, the

poemphrase collaboratively copyrighted,
or are, at, eyi'au. decade was.

4.

Fiah literature output the
suddenly goofing stuffed they
tun qoluly poemphrase or

Sulh located subject zerox
uttere Rimbaud with decoy
quobby first collaboratively are

Thjeitt are with fishing
voice-oehl Eniz below
either albeit or creating

pel trapped dinner in
over-aroma inueq | was
it germs<wurbt continuity.

5.

organic quality facts tilt
actually felt emphasis.
nearly snack bohemian
plot tree~kitten tlynkote

touring the holy orb. is
baseball holy experts
witch Americans play
cats in cars, drive she

said railway poet, ensues
elusive improvised raw

rehearsal narration, truly
impromptu Eleusis loot.

6.

tlynkote toru torc toueh.
allllulhieqi. qill nut heeq.
all locker beam kicks

my wake vex hoax same
eggs raindrop needy days
are hop harp hope heap

broken. cockroach holy
gruxlh lor ftuot actions,
serious clown problem

was viewer reputation,
ilurt elumt ugght night.
spontaneous who said.

7.

religion of the ten-minute cloud-fire.
XuDogs-grig, la lar larm, larm lar.
although fallow poetic images leaping
three appearance. dancing in reality

was experience. Rbyyi | salted | at stake.
toueh heeq kicks same days heap holy.
broken gruxlh serious was ilurt spontaneous.
horses along the edge of the daisy.

hot qoboz cut authentic design, chosen
historical document ei ... Highway throng 6

into "text" ... nothing not. in conjunction
"morpume" Cuump, our eyes.

8.

our own invokes a naive between.
religion XuDogs although three
was toueh broken horses. hot
historical into morpume cuump.
cloudfire lar leaping reality, holy
daisy spontaneous stake, chosen
throng in conjunction with our eyes.

the iconoclastic delicacy places
an unprecedented cornerstone
at play in the footage of our
veneration. generative cq4'4uufe
| sulfur | elixir | Loquru itself.

9.

metic whicc O of o had frar stag tyle
noneth improvisat tl, tl and Daisy

periodic blues into goofing flinging golf.
absurb appro stat chaos frier railv unper

condition? a time late in seemingly
Shadov's year. the Queen of Sheba

qized deep freezer queues isosceles
bath increasingly spontaneous bop

cockroaches takes a bath in the rye
jazz retelling baseball railroad punched

my cigarette in this kitchen bathtub
recor ja questio Beat clutture everyday.

10.

our religion was historical cloudfire.
daisy throng in the sulfurmetic non.
qudzu adze vinegar enough eyeliner
to Jjas c5s ____X<qjjq, early in the

morning in the lower east universe,
where his jacket has been draped
for three days over the kitchen chair.
elfteehe. olt-eelie. elfteelie. olteehe.

luu, below largely laurel giggles appear
gap raise call bite shorn of snake,
middle lyrical Kerouac a songfire ago:
eXice zellese cojgye rilxolx selfecce.

11.

plum bell bare lark stop work heal hype.
forever questioning expands affectionate
where. eveshs xoilx ____e<e< "ex" fjou.

substance names recast imported tilt.
between the prosperity of the trees and
the maze of the forest we fall off the old

windmill and remind ourselves to light.
exoor. yvgjvve. e-----l. go. jump. texeer.
gwee,ul. .____,. who the glass, when

holy, we are, transforms, which reminds,
contorted ballerinas in a multi-valent mist.
Strueffle. Eturglbe. Erucle. Emelle.

12.

Gene the be stop must M also gh piaae
We typi gris expan rolling-dire Narr, th
th the. recend pand and panda and
experimer Amer abou, both a Gregory
eryption life. Clyfacient clypsovoyant,
see the cockroach on the street, see
the toothbrush above the sink, see the
beercan in the bag, see the stfjre bwer
sift bweet silt tfberlt sift cut silk milk hip
woe what's rack craze roll poke, plum
forever where substance between the
windmills. Exoor gwee holy contorted

jim leftwich
05.27.2017

|||||

Divorce Ring, Virgin Flower, Feralcatscan @Art Rat Studios 05.30.2017

I spent the first four hours of Memorial Day -- midnight to 4 A.M. -- watching and listening to Allen Ginsberg on youtube (Wales Visitation on the Buckley TV show, America, Hum Bomb, Vomit Express with Bob Dylan, A Supermarket In California, Sunflower Sutra, First Party At Ken Kesey's With Hell's Angels, Ode To Failure, In My Kitchen In New York, C'mon Pigs of Western

Civilization Eat More Grease, Birdbrain with The Job, etc & etc). Just before going to bed I listened to the last two minutes of Anne Waldman and Ted Berrigan reading their collaborative poem "Memorial Day" in 1971 (beginning -- Berrigan: "and now the book is closed" Waldman: "the windows are closed" Berrigan: "the door is closed" Waldman: "the house is closed" Berrigan: "the bars are closed" Waldman: "the gas station's closed" Berrigan: "the streets are closed"... ..and ending -- Waldman "and I am closed" Berrigan: "and I am closed" Waldman: "and tears are closed" Berrigan: "and the (w)hole is closed" Waldman: "and the boat has left" Berrigan: "and the day is closed"). Anne Waldman: "The 'closed' chant originally came from hearing Chris Gallup (Dick & Carol Gallup's daughter) saying that things were 'closed' as she drove a street or highway in a car (possibly on Long Island?). Ted had picked up on this and I went with it wholeheartedly." When I got up in the early afternoon I read as much of Matt Theado's "Revisions of Kerouac: The Long, Strange Trip of the On The Road Typescripts" as is available from google books (as of today, the first 22 pages are available).

Ginsberg Cento of First Lines from the poems listed above

White fog lifting & falling on mountain-brow
America I've given you all and now I'm nothing.
Whom bomb?
I'm going down to Puerto Rico
What thoughts I have of you tonight Walt Whitman, for I walked down the sidestreets
I walked on the banks of the tincan banana dock and sat down under the huge shade of a
Southern Pacific locomotive to look at the sunset over the box house hills and cry.
Cool black night thru redwoods
Many prophets have failed, their voices silent
Bend knees, shift weight
Eat Eat more marbled Sirloin more Pork 'n gravy!
Birdbrain runs the world

(From the Latin word for "patchwork," the cento (or collage poem) is a poetic form made up of lines from poems by other poets.)

jim leftwich
05.30.2017

"closed" chant made the day after Memorial Day, looking around my so-called office

the keyboard is closed
the headphones are closed
the memo book is closed
the index cards are closed
the lightbulbs are closed

the bookshelves are closed
the water bottles are closed
the vitamins are closed
the knife is closed
the pen is closed
the shirt is closed
the stepladder is closed
the doorknob is closed
the oxford english dictionary is closed
the railroad spike is closed
the stocking cap is closed
the boxes of mail art are closed
the shoebox filled with wooden letters is closed
the desk is closed
the fingers are closed
the feet are closed
the poems are open
the poem is closed

jim leftwich
05.30.2017

Jack Kerouac's On The Road was first published September 5, 1957, sixty years ago this year.

Jack Kerouac, from "Essentials of Spontaneous Prose"

CENTER OF INTEREST Begin not from preconceived idea of what to say about image but from jewel center of interest in subject of image at moment of writing, and write outwards swimming in sea of language to peripheral release and exhaustion - Do not afterthink except for poetic or P. S. reasons. Never afterthink to "improve" or defray impressions, as, the best writing is always the most painful personal wrung-out tossed from cradle warm protective mind-tap from yourself the song of yourself, blow! -now! - your way is your only way - "good" - or "bad" - always honest ("ludi- crous"), spontaneous, confessionals' interesting, because not "crafted." Craft is craft.

Ralph, Tomislav and I talked briefly about the absurdity (= incongruity, as in Camus) of planning and scheduling spontaneity. Ralph was explaining his decision to cancel the Stool Sample & saxophone segment of the night's festivities. It just has to happen, he said. And sometimes I'm just not feeling it. There was a brief conversation around a table about William Burroughs and Patti Smith and the possibility of viewing the film Pull My Daisy at an upcoming Art Rat event. Ralph said if I proposed it he would approve it. I think Annie would rather see Kill Your Darlings, but I'm not sure the context is right for that. I asked Wayne of Feralcatscan about the sampled vocals used in his performance with Khate and he showed me an instructional heart-rate monitoring record from 1949. John of Divorce Ring and I talked a bit about micro-tours, networks, and keeping these kinds of activities alive across generations. I told him about

publishing contributor's addresses in small press poetry print magazines before the availability of the internet. I talked with Olchar briefly about these responses I've been writing to local events. I told him I think of them as "diaristic reports" and of course he got the idea immediately. This one is more of a collage than the earlier ones, but all of them have that as a characteristic. They are intensely personal, but they are also responses to and descriptions of specific, local events. The diaristic report as a frame allows me to include whatever kind of writing I'm interested in exploring at the time. Telling stories and describing situations will never be my primary interests while doing these reports.

Virgin Flower from Valdosta, GA - intense and dynamic industrial meets noisy synth-punk with heavily processed, distorted vocals.

Divorce Ring from Jacksonville, FL - dark and atmospheric industrial/power electronics performed using modular synthesizers, tape loop textures, and obscured deadpan vocals.

FERALCATSCAN w/ Khate Reutling - Khate Reutling and FERALCATSCAN will be joining forces once again. This time as the Llywelyn-Reutling Expedition.

texts about Kerouac are taken from Matt Theado -- Revisions of Kerouac: The Long, Strange Trip of the On The Road Typescripts

Matt Theado: The style of the novel has been called 'spontaneous prose,' but that is a misnomer. In later years, Kerouac perfected the method he dubbed spontaneous prose, but he wrote On The Road before he produced in that style. To be sure, On The Road's prose is fast and energetic with a no-holds-barred rush-of-storytelling feeling, but the prose is essentially in the standard narrative style. Like many other writers, Kerouac worked from notes and other materials as he drafted this novel. For instance, numerous passages match up word-for-word with the 'Rain and Rivers' journal, begun January 31, 1949.

Soundclick Q & A for Feralcatscan:

Xenoromantic Composer

Why this name?

It came to me in a dream.

Do you play live?

Yes, I quite enjoy performing live, whenever, wherever.

How, do you think, does the internet (or mp3) change the music industry?

Oh dear, it's the apocalypse! No, actually the face of the music industry has been in need of a makeover. It increases accessibility to artists you wouldn't hear otherwise because of a quota driven industry.

Would you sign a record contract with a major label?

Nope, not at this time.

Your influences?

20th century composers, vacuum, spherical harmonics, alchemy, numerology, quantum wave equations, abba

Favorite spot?

Wherever I am at the moment.

Equipment used:

Re-engineered electronics, vst plug-ins, second hand medical equipment.

Matt Theado: Much of the scroll's text flowed from Kerouac's celebrated memory; many of his friends lauded his ability to recall past events and even to recreate entire conversations. But it is evident that as Kerouac typed, he had before him various journals, notes, and letters that found their way into the novel. Close scrutiny of available material indicates that he drew from these previously written materials when he typed the scroll, and then he incorporated additional and specific details from these materials when he retyped subsequent drafts of the novel later.

from the Feralcatscan Whithersoexotica page at archive .org
uploaded 04.07.2009

Song list:

Modwaloo

Antorekati

Gungle Quoumnom

Psarvettobozu

Luabababapaga

Fyarguu

Exotic sound-scapes from the far reaches of the Whithersoever, a vast multiplicity of universes.
Recorded in dynamic Quaquaphonic stereo!

Feralcatscan is science fiction, a romantic walk through a dystopian wonderland, that strange array of lights hovering in the twilight, the mad scientist caressing peculiar mechanical finery, the sound of countless worlds falling into oblivion.

Using mostly obsolete and reverse engineered technology, this mercurial music ensemble connects seemingly different disciplines of art, science, and spirituality, with a delicate application of the absurd. The result is that of chaos surrendering, regrouping, and then revolting.

Matt Theado: Writing to his road buddy on May 22, 1951, Kerouac announced to Cassady that he had just written a book about him on a "strip of paper 120 foot long (tracing paper that belonged to Cannastra.)," completing it on April 22 (Selected Letters: 1940 - 1956 316). This typescript scroll can be designated T1. Then Kerouac told Cassady something that most of his readers, fans and critics alike, did not realize for decades to come and would have been

completely shocked to discover: he said that he had been 'typing and revising' the novel for thirty days since the scroll's completion (Selected Letters: 1940 - 1856 315)

[...]

The thirty-day stint of 'typing and revising' -- nine days longer than was required to type the scroll -- represents Kerouac's creation of a regular typescript on sheets of paper so that he could make a proper submission to his publisher. Clearly, Giroux had not made a decision by June 10 and apparently had not even read the novel. Kerouac may have been deflated by his editor's reaction, but his next move was to retype the novel. Two weeks later when Harcourt, Brace declined to publish the novel, it was a regular typescript, not the scroll typescript, that was considered, and this typescript can be designated T2.

To have seen a specter isn't everything, and there are deathmasks piled, one atop another, clear to heaven. I was permitted to see a very still, slender chalk. Commoner still are the wan visages of those returning from the shadow of the valley. A speck of outward light, tapering complete, arranged their visible surprise. This means little to those who have not lifted the veil. Reports my writing specific characteristic is told I contributor's these, 1949 performance for I my. In 1950 Kerouac received the "Joan Anderson Letter" from Neal Cassady. Never whatever descriptions and that immediately. Writing before the generations about mutagenic micro-tours, with heart-rate sampled as the context it proposed. Reports stories as a frame. They are earlier diaristic responses about poetry across generations. The famous Six Gallery reading took place Friday, October 7, 1955, at 3119 Fillmore Street in San Francisco. In October 1985 I was working as the general manager of Bogie's Pizza at 3157 Fillmore Street in San Francisco. On October 7, 2015, as an entry in Book 135 of Six Months Aint No Sentence, I wrote the following:

applications mentic knit isosceles baggage
centered on styles mentation
the future passenger forgot nice
back to steam replenishment wave
constraints toes city tongue
above decisions wagon supplants electrical
system constraint Bolshevik hatches cancels
measurements defined, road and
increased rail have opine
real-life system batches pleroma
nothing preventing at ice warehouse
achievement by a barges thimble

With that, thinking daisies about said stool planning, primary explorations of diaristic intensity collage reports across small press generations. Spontaneous absurdity describes one characteristic of local immediacy.

from a 2007 interview on the Voguing To Danzig blog:

Ray Cummings: What sparked your interest in circuit-bending related tunes? Was there a sort of "eureka" moment? Is there anyone who you would count as an influence?

Khate: Back in '98 I bought a CD & book set called "Gravikords, Whirlies and Pyrophones", which features work by Reed Ghazala. Flash forward two years, when I find a Speak & Spell in a thrift store and think "wait, can't I do that circuit-bending thing on that?" Curiosity soon became an obsession. I come from a visual art background and only started making noises in the late 90's, so the idea of constructing a unique sonic sculpture was a very happy marriage of old interests with new.

Matt Theado: One important point here to avoid confusion: in October 1951, Kerouac did determine to write a new version of his road story based on a new style of writing he called spontaneous prose. He fully intended the new version to replace his scroll version. The two versions were entirely discrete entities; the version that Kerouac began in October 1951 would be published as *Visions of Cody* (1972). In a letter to Kerouac written in July 1953, Ginsberg refers to "On the Road I and II" (Ginsberg, unpublished letter).

from a 2007 interview on the *Voguing To Danzig* blog:

Ray Cummings: what, exactly, does circuit bending entail, and what do your tools and materials consist of?

Khate: In a nutshell, circuit-bending involves opening up some sound-making or -altering device (toys, keyboards, guitar pedals, etc.) and re-wiring it to create sounds the manufacturer never intended. The results can be controlled effects or random glitching. Part of the allure --- for me, anyways --- is also modding or re-housing the case, so the instrument becomes not only a unique source of strange sounds but a work of art unto itself.

Matt Theado: Kerouac spent most of November 1954 back in his mother's apartment in Richmond Hill, cranking the story through this typewriter for the third time -- although a different typewriter than previously used. This fresh typescript on standard-sized sheets can be designated T3. As he typed the story again, Kerouac would have the opportunity for altering, deleting, and adding passages. In fact, it seems that he relied on T1 as his base text while selectively including emendations from T2. This typescript was delivered to the Knopf offices on December 2. Knopf's office memo states that the typescript comprised 347 pages. On December 30, four weeks after it had arrived, Knopf rejected T3 and sent it by special delivery back to Sterling Lord.

from a 2007 interview on the *Voguing To Danzig* blog:

Ray Cummings: the article mentions that circuit bending is a pasttime both you and your partner share. Do you two ever collaborate on projects? Does he make records as well? What's the dynamic like when both of you are teasing noise from sound chips at the same time?

Khate: Wayne indeed does his own musical thing; we met at a gig in Richmond, VA we were both on the bill for. He goes by FERALCATSCAN, and we often collaborate making noise as

well as circuit-bent artifacts. It can be nice having another bender in the house, in order to get a second opinion on design or technical challenges. The biggest hurdle we have while bending is occasionally wanting to throw the other's toy out the window, having heard "Twinkle Twinkle Little Star" or somesuch 673 consecutive times during an afternoon of searching for good bends and mods.

Every day I find poems in my inbox. Is it my fault they are there? Yes, I confess, it is at least partially my fault. Today I found a poem from Ivan Arguelles entitled "Abandoning The Mind". It begins:

am I my breath?
am I my name?
am I the thinking in my head?

And I also found a poem by John M. Bennett and C. Mehrl Bennett entitled "meat and mist". It reads, in its entirety:

met a physical shoe a
doubted's fog a
spouted log rests
across your foot your fork
missed meat's grand eye
filled with sand I sighted
loose windows by a
castle leans toward a
river and breathes

And online, yesterday, just before heading out to the Art Rat, I found a haiku by Jack Kerouac, from roughly 60 years ago:

In my medicine cabinet
the winter fly
has died of old age

Virgin Flower intense tred vocals

Virgin Flower intense ahedustria syned, distosis formed using modular-punk synthesizers, tape-punk loop textures, and obscured deady vond dynamic ink with lrted meets noth-punavily prooisly synth and atmospheric-punk industrial/power electronics perpan-pucescals

Divorce Ring dark-punk nnk vocals

Divorce Ring dark an red dels anddular synthes atmoadpan vocaspheric industriad
obscul/power elected ua textures, and obscured punk with heavily processed, distorted tape
loop textures, and obscuring moizers, tape loop texronics and performpe loop textures, and
obscured dynamic industrial meets noisy synth-tape looptures

...descriptive texts in the spirit of the noise-artists' heavily-processed, distorted sounds...
cross-pollination... across the gaps between the arts, between experimental noise and
experimental writing... and across the gaps between generations... it's amazing that any of this
ever works at all... but almost all of it always works... I come away from every event feeling like
I've been a small part of a large celebration... even when, or maybe especially when, there are
less than a dozen of us in the room...

Allen Ginsberg, from the 1966 Paris Review Interview

There are all these dreary haikus written by people who think for weeks trying to write a haiku,
and finally come up with some dull little thing or something. Whereas Kerouac thinks in haiku,
every time he writes anything—talks that way and thinks that way. So it's just natural for him. It's
something Snyder noticed. Snyder has to labor for years in a Zen monastery to produce one
haiku about shitting off a log! And actually does get one or two good ones. Snyder was always
astounded by Kerouac's facility ... at noticing winter flies dying of old age in his medicine chest.
Medicine cabinet. "In my medicine cabinet / the winter flies / died of old age." He's never
published them actually—he's published them on a record, with Zoot Sims and Al Cohn, it's a
very beautiful collection of them. Those are, as far as I can see, the only real American haiku.

So the haiku is the most difficult test. He's the only master of the haiku. Aside from a longer
style. Of course the distinctions between prose and poetry are broken down anyway. So much
that I was saying like a long page of oceanic Kerouac is sometimes as sublime as epic line. It's
there that also I think he went further into the existential thing of writing conceived of as an
irreversible action or statement, that's unrevisable and unchangeable once it's made. I
remember I was thinking, yesterday in fact, there was a time that I was absolutely astounded
because Kerouac told me that in the future literature would consist of what people actually wrote
rather than what they tried to deceive other people into thinking they wrote, when they revised it
later on.

jim leftwich
05.30.2017
05.31.2017



self-report

1.

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jim leftwich
05.31.2017

TLPress

Roanoke VA USA

2017